THE COMMONWEAL

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LABOR DAY AND CIVIC DUTY

THE group of earnest citizens who drew up the new social creed for the National Council of Congregational Churches, must be surprised to find that, in one important respect, they are in agreement with a wholly different organization. The "creed" calls for "conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes with adequate means for the same." Now in his comment on the contemporary and disastrous anthracite strike, Major Inglis, chairman of the Operators' Negotiating Committee, declared—"These recurring suspensions are a curse and a reproach. They must be ended by the acceptance of a sane and reasonable method of settling differences by some method of arbitration." The president of the United Mine Workers, on the other hand, felt convinced that offers of conciliation were "propaganda" and "traps." Obviously these conflicting texts are well-suited to a Labor Day meditation, in this fruitful year when apparently we should have little to quarrel about excepting the responsibilities of prosperity.

One of the surprising phenomena of our time is the growing demand on the part of capital for government regulation of industrial difficulties, and a lessening interest among labor groups, at least in so far as they are organized, in stabilizing legislation. We used to think that the old individualistic theory of the state was something to which industrial captains were necessarily pledged. We believed that "hands off" was the explanation of proletariat wrongs and oppressive money barons. But before the boon of paternalism could be secured, labor had forged ahead to a position where it felt better able to take care of its own affairs than politicians could be. Recent strikes—the coal strike is merely an example—are noteworthy because of the distrust manifested by union leaders in arbitration or even extra-industrial conciliation. What Mr. Fred W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and Northwestern, had to say on the subject of railroad-motorbus rivalry in a speech before the Chicago Association of Commerce, is worth more than passing notice—"I suggest for your consideration the thought that there should be some kind of regulation which would confine the operation of the bus and the truck on public highways to those sections of the country where traffic density justifies two systems." But, indeed, Mr. Sargent's entire address—like many other similar addresses—is a significant and educative document. He asked not only for regulation of the hostile motor vehicles, but also for regulation of the water rates of intercoastal carriers and the assessment of "adequate" tolls through the Panama Canal.

While the railway industry is probably better used

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to government interference than any other business, the feeling that such interference is a good thing has spread widely. The reason is not difficult to find. Industrial operations need stability. Production and distribution suffer from nothing so much as the disarray and derangement of normal conditions. For instance, we find the British Court of Inquiry, reporting on the threatened coal strike, making a declaration like this—"The claim that wages must be a first charge on the proceeds of industry is a contentious and ambiguous one. If the meaning be that wages at some agreed minimum rate must, in practice, be a charge before profits are taken, we concur in that view." But what is a minimum wage? The Court of Inquiry undoubtedly took it to mean something described in the Encyclical of Leo X as "remuneration sufficient to maintain the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort."

We feel that industry in the United States is much closer to accepting this view than it has ever been before. Could wages be fixed at a legal minimum, a multitude of struggles about what wages ought to be, might never materialize. But the hour is perhaps too late for any extended legislation of this sort to prove very helpful. Organized labor is now interested not merely in "reasonable and frugal comfort," but in the prizes of life as well. Its psychology is certainly not "proletarian." In some instances, and most unfortunately, it has even built up a caste in sharp opposition, not merely to moneyed power, but also to less fortunate workers. Heedless of many bitter industrial controversies, indifferent to the destitution of a great "free-lance" labor class, the unions in our time are little likely to accept the mandates of governmental boards.

The work of the future seems to lie, therefore, in the direction indicated by the Congregational "creed" as "recognition of the right of labor to a fair share in management." This fundamental principle of coöperation was, of course, much more fully stated in the Catholic Bishops' Reconstruction Program. There the declaration of the great Pontiff that "civil society exists for the common good," was elaborated into a statement of those social rules upon which harmony may eventually be attained. The program made no plea to give labor anything that was not earned by the assumption of increased responsibility and the awakening of deeper interest in the task to be accomplished—production.

Many persons, no doubt, found the document precarious and even "radical." But things are seldom what our fears make them. The development of mankind towards democracy is something which no amount of conservative bewilderment can hamper permanently. There is an everlasting difference between social and socialized. All men long for the peace of order; few will, for any length of time, remain content with an armistice imposed by the mandates of the state. The industrial structure of the United States is not likely to become stable until democracy—coöperation and copartnership among freemen—shall have been established.

Obviously this cannot be done at once. Friction between the two sides of the industrial street will often wax violent, and governmental power will, on behalf of the public weal, endeavor to regulate traffic. But the final democratic object should be our present goal. Though the state is properly the defender of natural rights, it exercises its function helpfully only when these rights are in danger. Those, who during the past half-century flirted with socialism by promoting the gradual extension of politically-controlled industry, forgot that socialism in the last issue is only a frozen and rigid form of capitalism. Its prestige has been due, not to any democratic remedy it really offered for labor's ills, but to the fact that it afforded plenty of opportunity for the release of hungry, high-pitched proletarian resentment. But times and problems have a knack of changing, and a good example of how little the more doctrinaire and established forms of state socialism are able to meet new exigencies comes to us from France, where the failure of M. Caillaux's financial efforts to get beyond mere economy routine is due very largely to the fashion in which he is being hampered by his parliamentary followers. He himself would probably not deny that the proposal of Georges Valois, Royalist and patriot, to stabilize French currency by basing a gold-franc standard upon money realized from the sale of several government monopolies, is eminently sound. But it cannot be accepted and put into practice because the existing bloc dares not alienate the votes of those whose political interests are involved in seeing the monopolies maintained. It is government which sometimes hampers government, it is political privilege which often defeats social solidarity.

For most of us, few things could be more salutary than revived familiarity with the Reconstruction Program—a positive comment on the social problems of today and tomorrow, set down with no view to promoting heated controversy, but in the hope of divining in the light of Christian experience, what roads society is taking, and by what means we can make more easily attainable that road which leads toward the goal of peace.

The democracy of work is not a new thing—it is a thing so old that most of the world has forgotten it. You cannot set a date for its reinauguration, or take a chair and wait while it evolves afresh. But we may profitably remember that it once flourished in a Catholic Christendom which, in the words of Eugene Duthoit, director of the Semaines Sociales, "is a doctrine of life wherein forty generations have found sustenance, and not a system among many, which until now, have done little beside kindling conflagrations, to no appreciable profit, in human society."

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WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the sake of seeing a stiff fight through, Governor Smith has descended from the dignified distances of Albany to discuss New York's mayor with its citizens. That is the latest picturesque aspect of a primary fight which has interested the whole country. Was there ever a more devastating political battle? The ranks of Gotham democracy are riddled by gusts of oratory and of that amusing species of literary gunpowder which we can only term Hylanism. For Hylanism is as distinct and savory as a hot tamale. Nothing else has done so eloquently much for a five-cent fare. It would indeed be impossible to discover a rival for its plendid service in identifying metropolitan travel with the nickel. Bearing this distinguished truth in mind, the mayor has occasionally given way to wrath. His anger is not shrewd, subterranean, Machiavellian. It is that direct and concrete form of redness-under-the-collar which is so comforting because it is so unvarnishedly human.

THERE is a good deal of popular appeal in Mayor Hylan's career and makeup, and it will save time to admit it. He has climbed from the bottom to political power; he has caught the end of his rainbow and clings to it with affection. But he is one kind of man, and Governor Smith is another. The difference between the two is simply the difference between emotion and brains. Perhaps it is only rarely that the practice of extreme democracy in government brings to the top an individual with the excellent horse-sense and integrity of Governor Smith. But this rareness is not an excuse for leaving the direction of the world's greatest city in the hands of a person whose policies are indistinguishable from those of William Randolph Hearst, and whose politics are those of a very old-fashioned ward boss. We feel that the oncoming issue may already be seen in silhouette.

AN outcry resembling the glad tidings of Newman's Second Spring was heard again and again at this year's Dutch National Catholic Congress, which has just closed at The Hague. Speaker after speaker took up the dominant theme—what the Church has meant in the cultural history of Holland—and elaborated it by referring to bright episodes in the development of the laws, institutions and arts. There came home to the great throng assembled, what faith has meant and can still signify in the common life of the staunch little country which is so perilously a neighbor of the sea. The Church has done well in Holland. In ancient days when shrines like that of Saint Boda's, Haarlem, expressed the radiance of Catholic aspiration and conquest of souls, there was much of which to be proud; but long after times of bitter strife and upheaval, we may say with Huysmans—"In this land of Saint Eloi, of Saint Willibrod, of Saint Willehad, of Saint Boniface, of Saint Odulfe, of Saint Lydwine, the Catholic cult has survived in spite of persecutions which proved terrible; though it was drowned in the swirl of Calvinism, it rises and grows powerful."

NUMERICALLY, perhaps, progress was not so striking as it might have been, owing to a host of economic and social circumstances; but the Catholic body, which comprises about 40 percent of the present population, has adopted its own principles of political action and has performed its good share of social and missionary labor. One of the interesting aspects of the Catholic situation in Holland is the fact that there exists only one university—Mymegen, which promises to become some day a worthy rival of Louvain—but that there are a number of strong religious dailies and reviews. De Tyd, of Amsterdam, is a daily of which any city might well be proud. While nobody commented on this at the congress, it suggests a possible and instructive comparison with the United States, where there are so many Catholic universities but little Catholic journalism, in the metropolitan sense.

THIS year's session of the Semaines Sociales, France's great public conferences on Catholic principle and social welfare, dealt intensively with the problem of authority. What is authority? What is its natural foundation, and in what ways can it be of legitimate assistance to modern society? These questions with many others naturally tangent to them were discussed and answered by eminent teachers. The complete report, when issued, ought to provide a most useful dossier about the subject. France of today is particularly interested in this problem of rule and

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obedience; various schools of political thought take a marked stand with reference to it; and of course the position of the Church is dependent upon public recognition of her right to teach authoritatively on matters of faith and morals. Besides, the directors of the Semaines thought that nothing short of a thorough discussion of a basic problem could harmonize and clarify the work now being done by French Catholics to promote the welfare of their country. What strikes us as particularly significant is the distinguished personnel constituted by the speakers. Prelates, professors, deputies, editors, authors, representatives of the legal, engineering and medical professions—all these participated, and in many instances loaned the prestige of world-famous names. It will probably be a long while before similar undertakings can be carried out successfully in the United States. Meanwhile the Semaines Sociales ought to be an encouragement for the good beginnings already made, and a salutary example for us all.

WHEN Bishop Brent, of the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, addressed the Stockholm Conference on the subject of Christian unity and international strife, he felt constrained to say—"There is one vacant seat here. The Roman Church is a giant half awake. Like the rest of Christendom, her adherents are swallowed up by nationalism and arrayed against one another in time of war. Whether or not she is in fellowship with us, the Roman Church must throw her enormous weight against war and for peace. We count her our ally in this." We are sure that Dr. Brent realizes how much the Archbishop of Canterbury, familiar with the conversations at Malines, might have to say about the international character of the Catholic Church. But though that church might to some extent oppose the unchecked pacifism of some who now advocate the outlawry of war, it is most deeply sympathetic with the work of all who, in the name of the Savior, struggle for harmony.

THE words of Benedict XV are definite and practical—"It would be truly desirable, that all states should put aside mutual suspicion and unite in one sole society, or rather family, of peoples—both to guarantee their own independence and safeguard order in the civil concert of the nations . . . And once this league among nations is founded on the Christian law in all that regards justice and charity, the Church will surely not refuse its valid aid, inasmuch as being itself the most perfect type of universal society." Bishop Brent is an honorable and earnest citizen. We feel that he will recognize the force of the following remark—American Catholics would probably be much more eager to support the international coöperation advocated by the Papacy were they not constrained, by waves of prejudice over which they have no control, to prove over and over again their nationalistic loyalty.

ACCEPTANCE of China's invitation to attend the conference stipulated by the Nine-Power treaty is in order. No other government has sponsored the American view that the great Oriental nation is entitled to "tariff autonomy;" and there are other reasons why the conference should prove an interesting experiment in diplomatic counterpoint. Great Britain has been singled out for attention by the Chinese rebels, and if reports can be trusted, Great Britain's representatives in the Far East are calling for a colorful variety of vengeful exploits. Yet it must be said on behalf of the English, that their students of China often see things more clearly and liberally than other people. In a recent contribution to the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Partington attributes most of the present trouble to the fact that the Chinese are passing through an industrial revolution as harrowing as any on record.

CHINA had 558 factories in 1915, but at the present time the number has advanced to more than 4,000. Conditions are often most deplorable: the working day varies between twelve and sixteen hours; thousands of boys are employed at a wage of twelve cents a day; and the average adult worker's earnings are far below living costs in any of the manufacturing towns. Small wonder, says Mr. Partington, if China writhes under the lash and listens readily to those who berate the foreigner and are sometimes inspired by Moscow! To this view Colonel Etherton, writing in the Asiatic Review, adds a note of respect for Chinese civilization and potential energy. Summing up the magnificent power of the race, he declares—"It is obviously inadvisable to interfere with the political development now going on." All of us may well hope that when the time comes for the American government to take a stand, such counsel as we have cited may prevail, and that nobody will be misled into a drastic attempt to bridle the Orient.

THE regulation said to be contemplated by the Civil Service of the Irish Free State providing a different salary scale for married men and unmarried men, seems to be paternalism of a rigid and not very enlightened kind. It has a certain amount of reason on its face. According to press despatches from Dublin, it will provide that unmarried men, on entering the service, shall have the same pay as women of equal grade, while, upon marriage, they will become entitled to an automatic increase of 25 percent, together with a bonus that will partially recoup them for what has virtually been a tax on single blessedness hitherto. Similar schemes have been mooted in France, where low natality is a cause of perennial national concern, but so far have been put into effect only in private concerns. It is at least to be hoped that no action by the Free State will be taken until an enquiry has been held and a few representative bachelors, of whom

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there is no lack, summoned to the bar to testify in their own defense.

THE superstition that failure to enter what is perhaps the severest of the orders generally comes from selfishness, dies hard. In countries like Ireland, where a feeling of family responsibility is found in sons as well as in fathers, it is often a sacrifice made by passion to filial piety. Even when it comes from a deliberate judgment (which Catholicism has always commended) that the holy state is a vocation nearly as much as the religious, to which all are not called, it is hard to see why it should be penalized as a deliberate shirking of responsibility. Not only are all men not called to marriage, but some men might be described as more married than others. Father Faber once had some hard words to say about the "disordinateness" of the typical domestic character; and that there is a tendency for the very much married to confine their benevolent instincts within a narrow circle of their own kith and kin, few will deny.

THE function of the unmarried man or woman in the modern state seems to increase rather than diminish as time goes on. There is a vast and growing amount of work that calls for freedom, even if it be only the freedom to take economic risks, without which its progress would be sadly hampered. It may be argued that the Civil Service is a static concern, and one in which, if the Irish experiment be ever justifiable, it can be justified. Nevertheless, it is disappointing to have to note one step more in the direction of trammeling human liberty and standardizing human endeavor, coming from a country which so recently recovered its own autonomy.

MR. JUSTICE BOWEN, a distinguished English jurist of the 'nineties, was fond of declaring that "truth will out—even in an affidavit!" With something of the same surprise, we noted its unfamiliar lineaments peeping out at us through the lines of a recent editorial. The writer in the New York Times who, in the midst of an examination of the Cost of Convenience, paused a minute to doubt whether "national indulgence . . . was always and necessarily an economic waste" probably had no idea how deep the implications of his question might lie. The indulgence he was considering, we hasten to add, was nothing more reprehensible than the present lavish use of railroad porters and taxis by railroad passengers in handling their baggage, rather than the facilities which transfer companies stand ready to offer.

TO wonder whether indulgence, or extravagance, for which it is only another name, pays, seems at first sight rather an oratorical question. It is obvious that extravagance pays very highly indeed for anything it gets, and, as someone or other must needs be its beneficiary, that those who serve it are well rewarded. From admitting it pays the "red-cap," to wondering whether it pays the community, is to pass into a dreary realm of economics whence the only escape is to a consideration of values never to be expressed in dollars and cents. There is no doubt that imperfect human beings do feel a relish in personal service, and a glow in compensating it which they fail to get from anything as impersonal as a corporation—no matter how well run. One of the results of living in a democratic community where personal service is not taken for granted, is that any form of civility or helpfulness creates a sense of obligation which would be intolerable if a means did not exist of removing it by monetary compensation.

TWO cases may be used to illustrate the argument as to whether extravagance "pays." A, we will say, is self-denying and far-sighted, endures the hardships of the transit system rather than hail a cab, is a more frequent customer of the dry-cleaner than the tailor, turns from hard cases, deposits weekly in banks, buys gilt-edged bonds, spends the evenings of his days in what the investment-house slogan terms "enjoying the good things of life," and passes on leaving a snug sum whose natural destiny will be to help finance the larger undertakings of his country. B, lavish and improvident, spends a large proportion of his income making daily life more bearable, enriches waiters and taxi-drivers, lends (and probably borrows) on occasion, basks in the smiles of porters and cloakroom attendants, grows grey in harness and dies leaving a paid-up insurance policy as his share of the national wealth. Is it writing any "eloge" of extravagance to suggest that in the hands of providence, he may have been as economically helpful in the long run as his thriftier brother? So much, you see, depends on the angle from which you choose to regard the distribution of wealth, and so much on the hands into which you are content to see the surplus fall.

THAT an occasional bird migrant crosses the Atlantic has long been suspected, but the verification of this theory is due to the enterprise of a certain Mr. Weatherby, an English gentleman interested in bird life. It comes at the end of sixteen years of experiment conducted by him. It has been Mr. Weatherby's custom to catch young birds of various species and to place round their legs a tiny band of metal inscribed with a key number and a short message, begging the finder to inform him at his address in High Holborn, London. An interesting sequel is now reported in the press. A bird locally known as a "tickler," but more familiar as a "kittiwake," was killed in Newfoundland on August 12, and was found to have one of Mr. Weatherby's rings on its legs. The body was forwarded him and the ring proved to be one that he had affixed on June 28, 1923, on the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, in England—cele-

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brated in church history as the spot where a monastery was founded by Saint Oswald, A. D. 635, and which became, under Saint Oswald, the glory of Northumbria. The kittiwake closely resembles the ordinary gull, but is distinguished by the fact that its hind is a rudimentary piece of anatomy. It is found along the entire coast of North and South America. Whether the specimen shot in Newfoundland had crossed the Atlantic more than once, there is, of course, no means of knowing. At least, the inhospitable manner in which it was received after its long journey proves that it would have been better advised to stay at home.

THIS *month brings with it the twenty-fifth anni*versary of the death of a man whose fame has not yet won for him the place in international thought to which he seems entitled. Wladimir Solovieff is the only significant modern Russian philosopher; he is also a human being whose personal spiritual history is at least as interesting as that of Tolstoy himself. As a young man, Solovieff went over wholly to the study and discipline of materialistic science; then he became a disciple of Spinoza and a pantheist; and finally, viewing the tremendous need of Russia, he became the greatest exponent of theism in Russian university circles. His dominant idea was the establishment of the Divine Kingdom upon earth; not merely in the sense that individuals live in the spirit of grace, but also that the state become truly a Christian government, and the churches unite in the name of Him who founded them. The crisis of his life came in 1881, when Czar Alexander II fell a victim to an anarchistic plot. From the professorial platform, Solovieff called upon the new ruler, Alexander III, to govern in a genuinely Christian fashion and to begin by forgiving the murderers. This cost him his position, but deepened his own spiritual quest. In 1896, the ascetic philosopher, wasted by fasting and earnest mental labor, entered the Catholic Church. The last years of his life —he died when he was hardly forty-seven—were devoted to literary work of many forms, including poetry of a high order which celebrated the virtue of charity. Indeed, Solovieff takes rank as one of the greatest modern Christian social philosophers. The needs of Russia, the perception of a great crisis gradually forming, spurred him to ask of wisdom, remedies for acute human needs. In this way he became a mighty soul, familiarity with whose ideas might give us a more cogent realization of common social obligations implied by the ancient prayer—fiat voluntas tua.

THE London Gazette has sometimes been described as the best place in which to publish a secret, since no man ever reads it. Being the receptacle of all government circulars in Great Britain, of course, it is the painful duty of certain persons to wade through it weekly, and one of these has disinterred from a recent issue the following startling notice which he has communicated to the Observer—"The notice regarding Christopher Columbus in the London Gazette of January 16, 1925, is hereby cancelled, it having been subsequently ascertained that this person died before the date of the award therein notified." The Gazette is as incapable of perpetrating a joke as the legendary—but unusual—Scotchman is of appreciating one, and, therefore, at first sight it would appear that it had just acquired the piece of information given to Mark Twain in his Tramp Abroad by the Italian cicerone.

IT appears, however, that this Christopher was a real individual and a lighthouse keeper at Penetanguishene, in Ontario, whom death has robbed of some gratuity which otherwise would have been his. Of course there were other persons of the name of Columbus besides the most celebrated owner of that name—amongst them a very distinguished anatomist whose prenomen was Realdus. There are other curious coincidences in names, as the author of The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith discovered when he produced that play, and had a writ served upon him by the aggrieved possessor of that name, of whose existence he had been completely unaware. In one of the churches in King's Lynn the visitor is told to look down on one of the numerous tombstones flagging the central aisle on which is inscribed—"Sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner." The date is prior to that of Defoe's book and he may have thus derived the name of his hero, though there is no mention of Defoe's ever having visited King's Lynn.

WHERE, we ask ourselves, are the books of yesteryear—the famous novels from Russia, France, Czecho-Slovakia and Finland? Where are the thousand geniuses from the pages of Huneker, The Nation, The Bookman and the New Republic? Where are last season's great impersonators of Ibsen, Strindberg, Reinhart and Belasco? Where, the painters and sculptors whose work shook the rafters of our village art galleries and made conflagrations in the windows of Fifth Avenue and Main Street? Great and gone—some of them—but where? Looking over the book lists and the declarations of the leading critics of newspapers, weeklies, monthlies and even quarterlies, watching the theatrical performances and glancing at their programs, where every goose is a swan and every swan ceaselessly busy in producing his very latest death-song, and seeing the easy, indolent folk, mostly the young ones, gulping down the predigested opinions of anonymous or largely boomed experts, makes us prone to raise a large finger, put on a prophetic shake of the head with a suspicion of a wink in the left eye and say, slowly articulating in the best American accent—"Think it over, children, think it over."

THOSE quaint references of one columnist to another, one painter and actor to another, indicate that

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their wares are for sale and that advertising pays, as it should in the case of a good article—but is our youth going to be sold also? Is the integrity of its judgment and opinion to be limply handed over to such charlatans? Is youth doing its own thinking? Tasting and deciding upon its own food on its own responsibility? Is American youth educated to think for itself? It will certainly not lack suggestions—guides, critics, experts and professional consultants, who will, if they can, turn the young mind into a state of bewilderment, if not bedevilment.

CATHOLICS, as a rule, were cautious in extending the hand of fellowship to the chief actors in the drama at Dayton, Tennessee, and recent despatches from Buckeye Lake, Ohio, are not calculated to make them feel that their caution was misplaced. Given the mental calibre and temper of the leading fundamentalists, it was not difficult to prophesy just what body of citizens would offer its services to put their conclusions into practical shape. It is the Klan, as might have been guessed, which offers itself as the fighting phalanx and Thundering Legion of fundamentalism. A resolution passed by its leaders at the Ohio resort announces an imminent campaign "to awaken the American conscience to the need of reverting to the religion of our fathers and mothers." The means, it need hardly be added, by which the end is to be attained is the forcible teaching of religion by Bible Protestants in all the public schools—in other words, an admission that Protestant Christianity is the state religion of America. There is no need to stress the essential falsity and un-Americanism of such a move. It has already been abundantly demonstrated in both the Catholic and lay press of the country.

THE CARES OF CAILLAUX

THE result of the Anglo-French debt conversations is to have placed a mask of mystery upon the whole problem. Precisely how much can France pay? What will be the attitude of Washington towards a lessening of the sum due, or of the interest rate? These questions are now particularly pertinent because M. Caillaux seems to have indulged—with some assistance from London—in a spectacular gesture. Shifting the onus of collection upon the shoulders of the United States may be clever, but fourteen points are considerably easier to spirit away than $3,000,000,000. But the French minister's job is really most difficult. It depends, in the first place, upon what the citizens of Gaul think of him; it depends, in the second place, upon his ability to juggle sums which baffle any attempt at historical comparison. One may note in passing that as a consequence, the job is precariously situated. France could break off debt negotiations at any time by simply unseating its government. After all, the Coolidge-Mellon régime may not prove the most far-sighted, as to diplomacy, in our history.

But though the stress of the moment may be upon financial obligations, hopes for the future are much more intimately bound up with the success or failure of the approaching Security Pact. Temporarily at least, formal notes from one nation to another have been discontinued; and even if the patriotic caution of German Nationalists and the more or less vindictive anxiety of France throw shadows upon what one should like to believe a radiant picture, some definitely beneficial outcome may be expected. Newspaper correspondents too often confine their attention to the contrasts of the international scene—the lurid obstacles that barricade the route towards peaceful goals which so many millions of people desire. In connection with the Security Pact, however, it seems certain that France will under no circumstances sign away the future of Poland. Why? Because Poland in turn is the safest guarantee of France.

In a searching article contributed to the Nineteenth Century, the Abbé Dimnet enumerates a few of the anxious problems with which the French government —and the French nation—are concerned. The Polish situation figures prominently in his review; and he concludes by saying—"Endlessly and inevitably we are driven back to the same appalling possibility; endlessly and inevitably we are confronted with the dilemma—preparedness, which is fraught with the usual danger of preparing for war under the guise of preparing against war; or the other attitude, that which the American Ambassador in London cheerily defined the other day as an 'adventure in faith.' "

There is enough truth in that to merit a momentary meditation by Americans, to one among whom—Senator Borah—the Abbé turns with fierce impatience. On the other hand, M. Caillaux might well take for a model the financial achievements of M. Grabski, dictator of Poland's economic welfare. He has well-nigh duplicated the success of Monsignor Seipel—a balanced budget, solution of the railway snarl, increased taxation, rescue of the zloty, which is now worth a "franc-or." Though Poland has passed through a severe industrial crisis in the wake of inflation, only the other day it established a New York credit of $10,000,000 to preserve its exchange rate.

The stabilizing of Poland has, in fact, proceeded firmly. It is now at peace with its various Slavonic neighbors, its army is dependable, and its concordat with the Holy See has gone into effect. France's share in this reconstruction effort has been large and essentially generous. Though she will be one of the first to benefit from the rise of a nation friendly to her—Polish immigration into northern France has already brought a smile to the lips of M. Caillaux because it has solved the labor problem in the collieries —it would be a sorry world which could not express its gratitude for the effort expended on behalf of what remains one of the real "causes" of civilization.

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NOTES ON NIAGARA

AFTER having clambered on and off crowded trolleys, and ricocheted between a thousand massive horrors of factory brick, one comes to know something of the mighty thunder of Niagara. Years ago, Chateaubriand slept at an Indian encampment, listening to the tremendous murmur that rose above the night, under the "solitary star," and speculated upon the mysteries hinted at by the majestic shock of lonely waters. But now? Everything has been labeled and appropriately electric-lighted for the host of honeymooners and other traveling citizens—a host which has been analyzed by interested statisticians as comprising 1,500,000 mortals annually. Round about, the mills whirr and grate; tourists come and go, leaving behind them a sum estimated at $37,000,000 annually. And lengthy trains clatter along beside the amethystine gorge which tired guides describe through honking megaphones.

It is, after all, a magnetic Niagara. No other place offers so illuminating a cross-section of American life. Here is exemplified the encroachment of industry upon timeless beauty. The myriad squawking voices of our culture as it is, blend with the fury of tumbling crystal. The small towns empty their young hopefuls here for that magic hour during which love is all; the cities sprawl hitherward in endless excursions, with chewing gum and cigarette butts, shrill laughter and stifled yawns. But even so that rapture of the leaping foam is immortal, and by fixing your eye upon a misty rainbow you can forget even so omnipresent a scene as the progress of civilization.

But like so many other things, Niagara is threatened not merely by man, but by the laws of its own being. It is on the verge of becoming a suicide. The great cavity which erosion has dug into the Horseshoe Falls may become the sinister channel through which all the beauty—and all the energy—may slip forever. Therefore talk of conservation has figured prominently in the week's news. Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, acting in harmony with a group of federal engineers, proposes the installation of a dam which will divert more water to both the Canadian and the American falls. The cost is to be borne by the two governments interested; the enterprise will be difficult but not impracticable; and the result will be the potential production of greater industrial power. All Americans will readily support the undertaking. The ruin of Niagara would be a continental calamity.

Yet it is peculiar, and perhaps significant, that the conservation impulse had to come from the Department of Commerce. Beauty is something which a democracy takes when it finds it, but the loss of which occasions no convulsions. After all, Niagara—if it may be entrusted with a personality—must be grateful for the brick factories and the trolleys and the $37,000,000 which are expended annually within its limits.

HENRY JONES FORD

THE death of Henry Jones Ford, who passed away at Summit, Pennsylvania, on August 29, is a sad loss to Catholicism in America. To the Editorial Council of The Commonweal, on which he has been an active and scholarly worker since its inception, it comes as an extremely intimate and most heart-felt bereavement.

His enthusiastic interest in the enterprise of the Calvert Associates, which gave form to ideals he had never ceased to hope for throughout a crowded career—journalistic, scholastic and political—was merely part of a long record of service and achievement, carried out at the behest of lofty motives and in a spirit of immovable integrity. Indeed, it is difficult, within the limits of a short article, to do justice to the many mental activities of the deceased professor. They had included the guidance of the policy of leading papers in Baltimore, the city of his birth; New York, and Pittsburgh; the professorship of politics at Princeton University since 1908; arduous work as Interstate Commerce Commissioner during the Wilson administration; an official tour of the Philippines; and the reorganization of the banking and insurance systems of New Jersey.

Like so many men to whom daily journalism has been the threshold of a long and varied career, Dr. Ford never lost his love of the press nor his respect for the immense power in a democracy of the printed word. To it he added a sense of the responsibility that rests upon those who supply the reading materials of a democracy. Years of familiarity in editing some of the most influential newspapers in the union had given him a first-hand knowledge of men and their habits, and carried this intimate knowledge into the cloistral atmosphere of the university classroom. Consequently, few men in our generation have been more helpful or inspiring.

In resuming his editorial activities for The Commonweal, Dr. Ford proved that his hand had lost none of its old skill in temperate and luminous presentment of fact and inference. His religious convictions, as an earnest and devout Catholic, were deeply held, but he was temperately and by deliberate judgment averse to dogmatic controversy. Fully convinced that the one thing necessary for an appreciation of the faith he held by, in public and private life, was knowledge of its aims and record, he welcomed discussion, from whatever angle it came, so long as it was divested of the prejudice which, of all things, he deplored. "Ignorance is the sole source of honest antagonism to the Catholic Church." . . . "The remedy for darkness is not argument but light," are two sayings of which he was fond, and which paint the man. His memory remains with us, an abiding power for the guidance and glory of the work to be done. —In civitate aeterna requiescat.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

By ROBERT WILBERFORCE

NOT infrequently in human affairs some comparatively trivial incident arises which assumes an enormous importance in view of the tendencies which it illustrates. It was a matter of little importance, for instance, that Hampden should have refused to pay ship money in the seventeenth century; yet wherever English political history is studied, that act will be recorded as the symbol of constitutional government opposed to monarchial absolutism. Again, it was a minor incident no doubt which precipitated the quarrel between the American colonies and the mother country in the eighteenth century; yet a far deeper significance attaches to that act than is apparent on the surface. Passing from the field of political to that of religious history, the illustrations are even more striking. The superficially unimportant convalescence of a Spanish soldier must always, for example, be told as a preamble to the great movement of the counter-Reformation.

And as a final illustration, in order not to multiply examples unnecessarily, what historian will be able to record the history of the United States without mentioning the incidents which led to the migration of Catholic peoples from their own countries to this continent? To appreciate the importance of anything, we must examine it in its historical perspective. Isolated events have no meaning. They can only be interpreted from the circumstances in which they occur or to which they give rise. That is why it is difficult to estimate the relative importance of contemporary happenings. Today the task is probably harder and more hazardous than at any other time, and for the very obvious reason that a multitude of influences combine to distort the vision and give to the ephemeral a disproportionate place in the scheme of life.

It would therefore be a rash prophet indeed, who sought to endow any particular incident today with historical significance. Yet, if a guess were made, it may well be that the grotesque medley which has recently been acted like some curious tragi-comedy in a remote Tennessee town, will not be without its interest to future historians. The subject of the drama was divine. Its treatment was absurd. It dealt with the mysteries of human existence; of the relationship between God and man; of the Divine and human nature. In a word, of all those glorious attributes of which Virgil and Dante sung, rejoicing in them as raising man to a plane with the Infinite. All these were turned in a moment from the sublime to the ridiculous, and made the laughing-stock of fools.

What could be more tragic than the sight, on one side, of well-meaning men, conscious of the fatal implications of a false teaching, fighting with crude and unsophisticated tactics an enemy too clever for them? On the other, even more to be pitied perhaps, were their opponents, a band of superficial thinkers, whose imagination was insufficient to see below the surface of things, not scrupling to use with deadly effect the certain rapier of ridicule against the clumsy bludgeon of ignorance.

The world laughed heartily. But it had no reason to laugh. Laughter merely meant that it missed the point of the drama. The absurdity was only on the surface of things. The tragic element was running deeply below. It was as though in some great play the author, in order to heighten the effect, introduced tragedy in the person of a clown. The rabble gaped and laughed aloud, but those whose minds had been prepared to understand, felt their grief all the more poignant from the contrast. That is how it must strike the Catholic mind. The future is very ominous. It seems clear that the intellectual movement, which is peculiarly associated with the nineteenth century, is hastening towards its logical end. The complete intellectual breakdown of Protestantism will very soon leave a militant agnosticism face to face with the Catholic Church.

From the religious standpoint, it is not proposed to enlarge upon the possibilities of that encounter. The Church has never been the worse for martyrs! But as the world may be expected to be more interested in mundane than in spiritual matters, and is more affected by a threat to its social security than to its religious life, it would be well to point out very shortly as a corollary that the forces which are undermining the Christian faith, may also be counted upon to undermine secular institutions.

If we take utilitarianism as the outstanding characteristic of our day (a premise which will not, I think, be seriously questioned) and if we examine at the same time the genesis of present social unrest, we shall find that the utilitarian philosophy plays a great, if not a predominant part in its history. It will be found to be a legacy of that system of thought which arose from the scientific theories of the nineteenth century.

We have inherited it from the nineteenth century just as the French Revolution was inherited from the philosophical questionings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In both, a period of intense philosophical and religious speculation has been followed by the application of theoretical principles to the environment in which they were formulated. The process has been almost identical. Speculative thought has become popularized among those whose practical ability far exceeds their critical powers; in other words, among those who indulge in "rash imaginations

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and undigested schemes, built upon the mere instinct of principles."

During the last century there was scarcely a university common-room where theories were not debated, the practical application of which would wreck society. Two theories in particular were propounded with the infallibility of dogmas. One impressed upon man the most specious reasons to doubt that he was more than a rational animal, with no more individual existence than the rest of animal creation. The other assured him that a utilitarian philosophy was an imperative accompaniment of his new democratic freedom.

It would be difficult to imagine two more revolutionary doctrines. Consider for a moment the basis upon which our civilization has been built. The new teaching had no kinship with that civilization. It struck at its very roots. Our astonished grandfathers were suddenly called upon to abandon as a fantastic dream the principles by which their ancestors had been guided for centuries. They were advised to cut adrift from precedent, from historical development, and to adopt an entirely new philosophy based on experimental science. The gravity of the decision they were called upon to make was stupendous. But, as in many other instances of sudden historical change, it was not man as an individual who controlled his own destiny. The circumstances resulting from the industrial revolution hastened a decision which might otherwise have been delayed. Society in its corporate capacity took a course from which the individual alone might have shrunk. It embarked upon the troubled ocean of political and social experiment.

For the unrest today, though chiefly industrial, is in essence something much deeper than that. To appreciate how much deeper, one has only to glance at contemporary literature on social science. There we shall find in a thousand implications the deductions which the average man may be expected to draw from his new philosophy. They are dangerous deductions, but they are logical, for they are a well-reasoned application of utilitarian philosophy by the individual to himself. In his newly conceived morality, this is his religion—to get as much out of his short existence as possible, even at the expense of society. It is a religion which can only be changed by a review of our premises, and by recasting the syllogism of life on a sounder and more spiritual basis. In this task the Catholic Church can help the world. Nay, it is not too much to say that she alone can save it. For she alone possesses that divine criterion by which the great problems of human existence can be intelligibly solved.

Human effort has found adequate and scientific explanations of isolated phenomena, as the heroic and pathetic story of scientific research testifies. But knowledge of isolated phenomena is merely baffling without something outside human intelligence to explain it. The Catholic Church has the gift of interpretation and can weave all phenomena into a harmonious and coördinated scheme which gives a purpose and an object to man's existence.

THE DECLINE OF NIETZSCHISM

By A. W. G. RANDALL

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE became definitely insane at the beginning of 1889, and died in August, 1900. Twenty-five, or even thirty-five, years are perhaps too short a time for the formation of any final judgment on the work of any man, above all of such a challenging personality as Nietzsche, and it may therefore seem decidedly premature to inquire —as the writer here proposes to inquire—into the question of whether it is not now possible to arrive at a settled judgment on the philosopher's precise significance and influence.

The more the question is looked into, however, the more favorable does the opportunity appear for at least an attempted re-valuation of Nietzsche's achievement. There are two reasons for this. The first is that there has recently been a marked revival of interest in Nietzsche, bringing with it several new critical sidelights on his character and philosophy. In France, Professor Charles Andler has reëxamined, with extraordinary care and breadth of knowledge, Nietzsche's indebtedness to his philosophic predecessors, making clear the ready way with which Nietzsche reacted to his reading; in England, the entire works of Nietzsche were not long since re-issued in an English translation, as also was that enthusiastic study (how remote its confident eulogies now sound!) which was first published in 1909 by Mr. A. M. Ludovici under the title Who is to be the Master of the World? In Germany, there have been numerous studies and volumes of new material, none of which need be specified here with the exception of the volume recently edited by Frau Förster-Nietzsche, Der werdende Nietzsche (The Growing Nietzsche) in which Nietzsche's sister amplifies, by means of original documents, the fascinating and often moving account she gave in 1912, of her brother's earlier years, in the volume entitled The Young Nietzsche.

The second reason why the present is a favorable time for reëxamining the question of Nietzsche's significance is that the new material just mentioned comes at a moment when we are well beyond both the stages through which every remarkable man's memory seems fated to pass—the stage, that is to say, of exaggerated eulogy and the stage of equally exaggerated deprecia-

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tion. Only with considerable difficulty, could you today collect an audience for a lecture on the gospel of Nietzschism. Yet it was far from difficult fifteen or twenty years ago, when the favorite phrases of Nietzschean doctrine were on the lips of thousands of undergraduates, and a jaunty assumption that all was over with the Christian ethic of mercy and humility was in the fashion. It is true that, even at that date, the older and wiser among the Nietzscheans, such as Dr. Oscar Levy, held that the Nietzschean doctrine must remain esoteric and would never succeed in conquering the forces of Christianity and democracy against which it pitted itself. But this did not prevent a considerable number of young enthusiasts from preaching the Nietzschean gospel with all the fervor of new disciples. Today, they are older and perhaps wiser; some of them have no doubt found the way of Nietzschism too hard—for the author of the Will to Power promised his followers no easy way to salvation. In any case, the eulogies of twenty years ago sound old-fashioned and unreal today.

But if the day of uncritical appreciation is past, so, too, is the day of ill-informed abuse of Nietzsche, which began in full force in the first years of the European war. In 1914 and 1915, it was possible for a bookseller, with a shop in the London Strand, to exhibit his stock of war-books under the legend The Euro-Nietzschean War. The caricaturists of the allied press put a pickel-haube on Nietzsche and represented him with "Kaiser Bill" as one of the authors of the war, while articles innumerable poured out quotations from the works of the philosopher of the Superman to prove that he was to be classed with Bismarck and Treitschke as one of the chief instigators of Prussian militarism.

There was, of course, something to justify this onslaught. It was idle for the Nietzscheans to point to their master's genuine enthusiasm for Greek culture and his powerful attacks on Prussian education and Kultur generally. It was useless for them to prove—as they could prove—that the avowed debt to Nietzsche of the real inspirers of German militarism, such as General Bernhardi, misrepresented the master, and attempted to justify itself by quotations which were either garbled or torn from their context. It was, in the last resort, impossible to explain away Nietzsche's eulogy of force, his praise of the "will for power and supremacy." The Nietzschean enthusiast was faced with the impossible task of proving that all the philosopher's praise of force and contempt of pity was meant in a purely idealistic sense, and that some woeful lack of clearness of exposition—there was no escape from this deduction—had led the vast majority of Nietzsche's readers to infer the contrary. In other words, either Nietzsche's deliberately exaggerated and aphoristic method of expounding his ideas had misled most of his readers regarding his meaning, or he was in part responsible for the psychological condition of that Germany which looked on the invasion of Belgium as an act of the highest policy. A painful dilemma for the Nietzscheans—to admit that their master was either a militarist or a bad stylist.

As war-passions subsided, however, people began to re-read Nietzsche and consider his work with more impartiality, with less reference to current events. They began to see that not only were the quotations from Nietzsche which were held to justify the war-spirit, incomplete, but that his whole work was incomplete; not only was it possible to prove contraries from his writings, but his whole life was a contradiction. The mistake, in fact, both of disciples and of antagonists, was to have treated Nietzsche as a philosopher at all. In spite of the dogmatic clearness of his chief doctrines, the Will to Power, the distinction between Master and Slave-Morality, and the Eternal Recurrence, his work proved, on analysis, to be less a body of doctrine than a series of brilliant essays or poems, in which were embedded certain philosophical ideas; less a gospel than the violent reaction of a sensitive genius against the obstacles, physical, intellectual and mental, which hindered his full self-expression. Nietzsche, in short, was a case, if ever there was one, for rational, detached and moderate psycho-analytical investigation.

The tendency of most recent Nietzsche-literature has been along these lines. It has emphasized the importance of Nietzsche's biography, of the conditions under which he lived and worked. On the one hand, Frau Förster-Nietzsche has shown us, with the help of numerous fresh original documents, her brother's youthful development, from the early stage of simple, evangelical piety into which he was born, on through the stages of classical enthusiasm—the first contact with Wagner and Schopenhauer, the first experience of a soldier's life, the buoyant entry on an academic career. Another Nietzsche-student, Herr Friedrich Muckle, has analyzed him and has found that his fate was bound up closely with his nationality. He was the embodiment of German romanticism and his theories were not the result of objective thinking but of the subjective reactions of a typical German romantic, in both his weakness and his strength. Yet another interpreter of Nietzsche, the Russian philosophical writer Shestov, in an interesting comparison between Nietzsche and Tolstoy, shows that both were artists rather than philosophers, and that Nietzsche's books were what he expressly calls "erlebte Bücher," books, that is, based on experience rather than ratiocination, expressive of his character and his emotions rather than of his thought.

Nietzsche was, in short, an artist rather than a philosopher; he worked through the imagination, not the intellect and his work was more "poetry" than "truth." The consequence, if this be the correct view, is that Nietzschism, a term which implies a systematic philosophy, may well become extinct, but

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that Nietzsche will survive. He will survive, of this we are convinced, but as a poet, a tragic personality, a creative critic; he will not survive as a teacher. By the strictly philosophical standards which the Nietzscheans set up, he must already be written down a failure. His doctrine of force, however you interpret it, has been tried and found wanting; his hatred of democracy is ridiculed by all recent advances in self-government, by such events as the establishment of the German Republic, the foundation of the League of Nations, by the extension of the franchise in several countries. His rhapsody over the superman, his contempt of pity and mercy, his fierce assertion of the inequality of mankind—all these are mockingly denied by our modern institutions and habits of thought, much more now than in his own day. Where will you find today anyone to accept Nietzsche's work as a body of doctrine? Nietzsche has been and will continue to be an influence, not as Hegel was an influence, but in exactly the same way as many poets, Browning, for example, have been an influence.

Thus, it is to Nietzsche that we must trace the essential ideas in Herr Spengler's once popular prophecy of the decline of western civilization. Not long ago, no less a person than Signor Mussolini confessed the profound influence exerted on his mind by Nietzsche's motto—"Live dangerously!"—while Christians, whose central doctrines have successfully resisted the main Nietzschean attack, can welcome the aid which Nietzsche's insistence on the value of the human will has brought in the fight against materialist determinism. Just as Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman would not have been written without Nietzsche, so the preface to Back to Methuselah, one of the most effective popular antidotes to Darwinist materialism ever written, comes in the same line.

What does all this mean but that Nietzsche's mockery of Christian ideals, the ruthless challenging of all standards of Christian morality, the self-complacent but deliberately wounding gibes at all that Christians hold sacred—what does the view of Nietzsche expressed in this article mean but that this side of his work arose from a thwarted character, a kink in his mind? The influence of this is transient, has indeed already passed. But the poetry of Nietzsche's work will live, the form will be remembered when the subject is forgotten. In the ranks of great German writers, of the world's philosophical poets, Nietzsche will always hold an honored place. Those who have been shocked by its doctrine can now afford to disregard it, for it is a danger no longer, and looking deeper than the written word, we can see in it one of the most moving tragedies of literature—the tragedy of a generous mind and a cultured spirit thwarted and turned to bitterness and despair before night finally descended.

MEDIAEVAL ART IN SWEDEN

By NILS HAMMARSTRAND

WHEN the new interest in mediaeval art expanded in the nineteenth century, Sweden, of course, took part in this development. Archaeologists and architects began to investigate and the exploration has been especially active in the last few decades. This work was inspired, not only by the scientific interest of ascertaining the actual conditions of mediaeval art in Sweden, but also by the desire to enrich present-day life and art development.

We can observe the consequences of this resurrection in many a country church, where the colorful mediaeval frescos have been brought to light after having been hidden for centuries under a coating of white plaster. Its salutary effect is not less apparent in the rescue of many art objects which had been relegated to some obscure corner, but now have found an honored place either in a museum or in the environment to which they originally belonged. Much that was valuable has been irretrievably lost. It is also true that the architectural restoration of a few decades ago was generally more well-meaning than well-considered. Thus Sweden has had its share of "destructive restoration," an outstanding example of which is its most famous cathedral—that of Upsala.

At present, all churches in Sweden, whether in town or country, are being thoroughly investigated, their origin traced as far as possible, and their history through the centuries unraveled. Every art object, from whatever period, is being listed, dated if possible, and described. Volume after volume containing these church records is being printed. The whole country is divided into districts for the survey. A host of young antiquarians work under the direction of two men who have achieved distinction as students of mediaeval architecture, J. Roosval, professor at the University of Stockholm, and S. Curman, chief antiquarian of the Swedish state.

To them, as well as to A. Romdahl, a professor of the University of Göthenburg, we are indebted for the extensive, penetrative researches which have very much deepened and amplified our knowledge of Sweden's mediaeval architecture.

Obscurity, however, shrouds the humble beginnings of Christian art in the Scandinavian peninsula. Sweden was still heathen when Charlemagne founded the cathedral at Aachen, in the eighth century. When Swedes, in the following century, adopted the new faith, they presumably built their first churches, using

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wood as a building material. Not a single trace of any church erected before the year 1000 has been found. Remnants of a wooden church supposed to date from the eleventh century are now preserved in the Historic Museum at Stockholm. They were discovered below the floor of Hemse church in the island of Gotland, and indicate that the building somewhat resembled, in construction and ornamental character, the famous wooden churches of Norway—the so-called "stavkyrkor."

Wooden churches were frequent also in the later middle-ages, but only two remain. That at Rada in the province of Värmland deserves, perhaps, the distinction of being called "the world's smallest church," being not much larger than an ordinary room. Its walls and ceiling are covered with very interesting paintings dating from the fourteenth century. It is assumed, for good reasons, that wooden churches in general, from the eleventh century onward, were decorated in the same manner.

The little church at Rada was probably built about the year 1300, and its erection thus coincides with the beginning of the Cathedral at Upsala. At that time, however, Sweden had already erected, or started to erect, six other cathedrals. They represent a vast range of architectural endeavor, commencing with the Cathedral of Lund, which was founded as early as the eleventh century. This cathedral has escaped neither fire nor the blight of nineteenth-century restoration, but it remains a beautiful building, reminiscent of German Romanesque architecture, although the very rich, refined and original ornamentation, of which only fragments remain, is considered to be the work of Italians.

Many of the small rural churches in various parts of the country date from the Romanesque period, especially those in Skane, its southermost province, where the town of Lund is situated. As a rule, the Romanesque churches originally had wooden ceilings, replaced by vaulting later on, in the Gothic period. These were no doubt often decorated with paintings. An especially interesting example of this, representing the stage of transition between Romanesque and Gothic art, exists in the church of Dädesjö in the province of Smaland. In some churches Romanesque wall paintings are still intact. German or French artists, probably visiting monks, seem to have executed most of them. There are instances in which runes occur as decorative features, indicating a native hand. Other reminiscences of the pagan age are to be found in early sculptural works. Tombstones and baptismal fonts of the eleventh century show a decoration closely akin to that of the rune stones.

It is a wide step from these early productions, reminiscent of pagan times, to those of the Gothic period. Sweden came comparatively late under the spell of the mediaeval high-summer. Gothic development hardly began till after the year 1300, when monks of the Cistercian order were particularly active in transplanting Gothic construction and forms to Swedish soil. The first monasteries in Sweden, those of Alvastra and Nydala, belonged to the Romanesque period, in their origin at any rate. They were founded by Cistercians from Clairvaux toward the middle of the twelfth century. The oldest part of the church at Nydala is still in use as the parish church. At Alvastra, nothing is left except a few fragments of the church.

This has been a great loss for Sweden. There is at least some consolation in the fact that Mr. Curman of late has been able to throw interesting light on the history of these and other monastic establishments. A no less meritorious achievement has been his excellent restoration of the monastic church at Varnhem in the province of Västergötland. This monastery was founded about the year 1150 by a colony of monks from Alvastra. The church, built of limestone, possesses various peculiar features and is unquestionably one of the most remarkable mediaeval buildings of Sweden. Its plan is of the more richly developed Cistercian type with a range of chapels opening on the circular chevet. The walls of the nave rest on massive square pillars and round arches; the vaultings are Gothic; buttresses, originally lacking, because the thickness of the walls made them superfluous, but added later, now enrich the aspect of the exterior, which is very picturesque and attractive.

Quite different is the monastic church of Sigtuna, which is characteristic of what may be called Baltic brick architecture of the Gothic period. Its choir is in simple, rectangular form. The aisles are only slightly lower than the nave, so that the interior is of the hall church type, rather frequent in Sweden. The construction is Gothic, while the few ornamental details are largely Romanesque. The monastic church at Sko, near Sigtuna, is similar in architectural character, although of a different interior appearance, because the aisles are very low and narrow.

Among the considerable numbers of conventual churches, the stateliest, perhaps, was that of Roma, outside the city of Visby on the island of Gotland. It is now in ruins. This church, founded by monks from Nydala in 1164, and built of the native stone, is an instance of Romanesque architecture with vaulting of the transitional type.

In many other churches, the gradual changes in style can be traced, for example, in the cathedral of Linköping, founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its oldest part is distinctly Romanesque, and the whole structure reflects the architectural development during two centuries. The cathedrals of Strängnäs and of Västeras, also built in the earlier half of the thirteenth century, are equally interesting in this respect. The former, very ably restored in recent times by Mr. Curman, is a well-preserved brick structure remarkably beautiful and picturesque in effect.

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The recent restoration has brought out the glowing, coloristic beauty of the interior.

But this restoration, however fine, cannot indemnify Sweden for the irreparable damages done to its greatest mediaeval monument, the cathedral of Upsala. Until half a century ago, this large edifice was still interestingly heterogeneous, as a building is apt to be after more than one devastation by fire and having been rebuilt and remodelled in the styles and tastes of various periods. It was a massive pile of brick—scarred and characteristically free from all correctness of style, heterogeneous—but living! Fate was cruel to this rich architectural chronicle of the centuries, for about forty years ago it became the victim of one of the most destructive restorations on record. The venerable structure was—against all expectations—successfully transformed into an example of nineteenth century quasi-Gothic, frigid, cliché-like and lifeless, and, in reality, directly violative of its original architectural character.

In the neighborhood of Upsala are many country churches originating in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and adorned with frescos of the Gothic period. These rural churches, though very interesting, are even surpassed by those of the island of Gotland—the mediaeval art treasury of Sweden. Indeed, hardly anywhere can a group of country churches so distinctively characteristic and fascinating be found. Our knowledge of these buildings has been vastly enriched of late through the methodical surveys and studies of Professor Roosval. The churches of Gotland may be said to constitute his most particular field of research, and he has been fortunate in formulating ingenious, convincing answers to many intricate, historical questions concerning them. Many of them have strikingly beautiful towers of Romanesque appearance, and still more distinctive features are their sculptured portals, which sometimes are rich in figurative motives combining Romanesque and Gothic forms. The high level to which mediaeval architecture attained on the island—abundant in excellent building stone—is more amply illustrated by the churches of the town of Visby, though many of the country churches are by no means inferior in artistic interest. Unfortunately, only vestiges remain of their richest variety—according to Roosval's terminology, the so-called iconic churches. In them sculpture played a still greater rôle, adorned as they were with very elaborate iconographic reliefs displaying a marked Byzantine influence, such as the ornamentation on certain Gotlandian baptismal fonts. Gotlandian sculpture, in its more advanced stages, also received impulses from the art of Lombardy through the cathedral of Lund, where, as has already been observed, sculptors from northern Italy were active. On the other hand, we know that the art of Gotland reacted upon that of the Swedish mainland.

During the Gothic period, German influence was infused into Gotlandian architecture and sculpture. It reached the rural districts by way of Visby when that city became associated in the Hanseatic League. The great church of Saint Mary, shows affinity with Rhenish architecture, while certain of its sculptural details point to Saxony. Similar influence is noticeable in the several city churches, of which all except Saint Mary's are now in ruins. In their planning, remarkable originality was at times displayed, for instance, the church of the Holy Spirit—a centralized building of octagonal shape is arranged in two stories which open to a common choir by means of wide arches.

Swedish mediaeval architecture, in its various manifestations, bespeaks, as is natural, a process of transformation, in which foreign experience and native effort adapted the conventional forms to the peculiar needs and climatic conditions of the country. The value of this art, produced in a very poor country under a northern sky, is no smaller to Sweden than the mediaeval art legacies, resplendent with the light of a warmer sun and reflecting southern abundance and ease are to Italy and France.

In setting itself the task of resurrecting mediaeval art, Protestant Sweden of today has not only broadened its knowledge of Catholic Sweden, but has also woven into the fabric of its present-day life many a beautiful image; for Swedish architects have learned much from the mediaeval buildings, translating their knowledge into terms of modern expression. In this manner they have created, in recreating, more than one great work, impossible except for this influence.

The Gaelic

What are these words that beat their wings in vain
Against the holden portals of my brain,
Yet with swift flight and sure
Find my heart's inmost citadel
And rest secure?
Whence is their might?
How have they power to rouse me, as a bell
Rouses a sleeping city in the night?
Whence is this Pentecostal miracle?
They fall with alien sound upon mine ear,
And yet I hear,
I hear, I answer. Gael with Gael speaks
Across what seas of time, athwart what peaks
Of silence, from what deeps!
Not with my ears I hearken, but my blood.
Its surges are at flood.
There is a music in the fragrant night,
A flame, a thunder,
A beacon breaks in light,
The chains are reft asunder,
Torrent to torrent leaps
Across the sundering gulf of griefs and years,
Not with my tongue I answer, but my tears.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY.

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THE PRIEST OF THE EUCHARIST

By THOMAS WALSH

FROM the depths of this impure generation in which we live, from the slime of the great river flowing over us with greed, injustice and lust, there lifts to the morning sun a sweep of white water-lilies, whose snowy petals and virginal perfumes waft across our world as if a breath from other realms—from angel lips—to call us back to the light on the hills, to the peaceful pastures and the spotless fleeces of the Good Shepherd faring at the foot of the uplands of heaven.

Bright amid this white flowering of the spirit was the soul of Pierre Julien Eymard born at La Mure, in the Diocese of Grenoble, February 4, 1811, and from his very birth consecrated to the service of the altar. His life was one of spotless purity and sinlessness for over fifty-seven years, and he died as he had lived, simple, modest, humble and holy in all his intents and purposes—without the least consciousness of a spectacle or a dramatic touch or an attempt at verbal eloquence.

And yet what holy craft in his complete simplicity! What sacred pride in Christ in all his modesty! What royal pomp could equal his superbly sound humility? Could there be a drama or tragedy more complete than his unconscious surrender to love and the heart of his Divine Master? What music, what Demosthenes, or Bourdaloue could equal the unheard symphony of this perfect life in Christ?

Of the tenderest of hearts, he would have nothing dear but the love of his God. Of himself, he was nothing save as a creature of the Lord, and he withheld himself from all other friendship. He was beloved and would be beloved only through his God of Love—the Centre and Light of all real existence. To him the Virgin Mother was a veritable storm of love, for it was to her that he owed the Blessed Sacrament, the one reality in this futile, fickle existence. It was to this inner Sanctuary of the soul that his devotions were brought, the transcendental worship of his Creator and Redeemer under the veils of the Tabernacle, to this divine point of all knowledge, all existence, all hope that called him across the eternities and enfolded his every thought, word and deed into a single surrender.

"Who is Jesus Christ?" he asked in one of his conferences in 1862. "He is the incarnation of God's love for men, the God-made Man, personally present in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar." When the Blessed Eymard proclaimed his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Bishop of Angers declared—"The devotion of Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament is not a new devotion, for at all times Mary has been honored in the Church as the Mother of the Eucharistic Church."

In his instructions to the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, Père Eymard said—"A modest modesty is a sweet, easy, amiable modesty, a modesty that regulates the movements, the gestures, the words, without exaggeration, without stiffness."

Of love, he admonished his followers—"non diligamus verbo neque lingua sed opere et veritata."

Of charity, he wrote—"When a man is great in love, he is great also in charity."

The veneration he won in his own time and in his own home-country was quite extraordinary. On his visits to La Mure, the whole town was "en fete." The libertines complained that if Père Eymard preached, it would surely convert them.

Arriving at an inn, the keeper, who was a Protestant, held back from him. Going up to the innkeeper, the simple priest said—"Ah, well! You, you do not want to embrace me?" "I dare not," was the reply, as Père Eymard clasped his arms around him.

On Easter Sunday, 1858, there was inaugurated the formal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel of Miracles in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques, Paris, and the institute was quickly established in Marseilles, Angers, Brussels, and Saint Maurice. The hour of adoration practised by the saints was made the ordinary virtue of a religious society. "Study the Blessed Sacrament," was one of Père Eymard's frequent admonitions to his followers. "Know well your own trade and let your hours of adoration bear abundant fruits." For twelve years, he continued his conferences on the Holy Sacrament, preparing himself with long adorations and frequently speaking quite aside from his notes with such extraordinary inspiration that his thoughts seemed to flow direct from the Holy Spirit itself.

A life lived in utmost holiness does not offer very much to a worldly biographer. The climaxes and counterplots that fill up many material existences are usually lacking. The conflicts are so interior that it is only the reader of mystical, spiritual bent that can be deeply interested in the character as it develops toward its dénoument into eternity. Blessed Eymard and his character are shining documents in the study of spirituality. He represents a singular attitude of the soul towards the shining centre of all Truth, Holiness and Divinity. He seldom turns aside even for a moment from this absorption and then only to practise charity, to help a faltering step into the great light that blinds us to earthly sin and loss. It is the last intellectual step in the supernatural, the title page of all theology, the cornerstone of Catholicity. Blessed Eymard wears a supreme crown of holiness in his title—The Priest of the Blessed Sacrament.

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A FORGOTTEN CRUSADE

By ESME HOWARD

BEFORE telling the story of this expedition of 1803, it is necessary to consider Spain's position in the political world in 1796, just after she had signed her peace treaty with France. No Spaniard could at that time foresee the three things which finally led to Spain's downfall during the Napoleonic wars. The first was the intrigue of Ferdinand VII with Napoleon; the second, Napoleon's desire to obtain the Spanish throne for a member of his family; and finally the defeat of the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar. It has been the custom in history to look upon Godoy with contempt, but he was a far abler statesman and politician than history has cared to acknowledge. In 1795, Spain had before her the terrible alternative of either sacrificing herself to French invasion, or losing her sea power to England and consequently her dominions to whatever nation chose to invade her.

During the eighteenth century, smallpox had been, if not worse, as bad in Spain as in any other country in Europe. It has been said that the death of Charles III was in great measure due to the sorrow caused him by the demise of three members of the royal family owing to this dread disease. When Jenner's discovery of vaccination was made, Godoy, active-minded as he was, was not long in noting its good effects, and he began to advocate it immediately, in spite of Doctor Rowley's idea that inoculation was a Divine gift, and Kant's condemnation of it, as an "inoculation of bestiality." In South America, as indeed everywhere in the tropics, the pest had spread rapidly with disastrous effects. The Spaniard, however, was not long in applying the remedy, once its discovery was made known. Within five years, a mission was ordered to carry its benefits to the Spanish colonies overseas. A royal decree of June 6, 1803, arranged for a commission to organize the expedition and name its members. The second decree, August 3 of that same year, completed the arrangements.

Francisco J. de Balmis y Berenguer, was appointed leader of the expedition. He was one of the first enthusiasts to use vaccine in Spain. He was born on December 2, 1753, in Alicante, and when the expedition sailed, he was approximately fifty years of age. He was experienced, active, and learned; he held the degree of doctor of medicine, and was honorary and military surgeon to the "Cámara-Real." Former journeys to America for botanical research and general interest in his profession, rendered him competent as leader of the expedition. The eighteenth century teemed with scientific voyages of every description. These expeditions were, in the main, Spanish. The journeys of Jorge Juan of Ulloa, of Loerffling, of Ruiz and Pavon, of Mutis, and of Malaespina are ample proof. But after the voyages of Columbus and of El Cano, no Spanish ship can claim greater interest than the ship on which Balmis sailed.

On November 30, 1803, the small schooner, Maria Pita, took to sea. On board were Balmis and two other doctors, Salvany and Pastor; as well as a few other medical men, some nurses, and twenty children who were to supply the vaccine from the scabs on their arms. During the journey, the scabs of those who had been vaccinated were used from arm to arm in the primitive method of vaccinating people which was common in many parts of the world until a short time ago.

The expedition sailed from Corunna to the Canaries, on to Porto Rico, and then again to Caracas. Humboldt states that vaccine had been introduced into Mexico in 1804 by Thomas Murphy, who did important work on the Pacific side, assisted by M. de Reano, Governor of Guanajuato, and Don Manuel Abad, Canon Penitentiary to the Cathedral of Valladolid.

An extract from Humboldt's Essai Politique will serve to show the work this expedition was doing—

> Don Antonio Valmis [or Balmis], doctor in charge of the expedition, has visited Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands. His visit to Mexico, where vaccine was already known before his arrival, greatly aided the spread of this beneficient life-preserving medicine. Vaccinating committees, composed of the most enlightened people, have been formed in all the chief cities of the kingdom, and by vaccinating regularly each month, they see to it that the miasma of the vaccine is never lost. It is the less likely to be lost as Valmis has discovered it being used from Mexican cows in the neighborhood of Valladolid, and in the village of Atlisco, near Puebla. As the commission has carried out the intention of the Spanish king, one can hope sincerely that vaccination will be introduced in the centremost parts of Mexico, through the influence of the clerics, and particularly of the missionaries . . .
>
> The arrival of the ships on which Mr. Valmis sailed the Atlantic and the southern seas, has given rise to a religious custom on the various shores which is a simple but moving ceremony. Bishops, military governors, and the most distinguished people go down to the shore, and gather the children in their arms. Then, followed by public acclamations, they march in procession and place the children at the foot of the altars, rendering thanks to God for having been witnesses at such a happy event. To understand how much more important Jenner's discovery is for the equatorial part of the new world than it has been for the temperate zone of the old, one need only know of the ravages caused by smallpox in the torrid zone . . . (It has been stated that 2,000,000 Indians died in 1576 of "matlazahuatl"—the Indian name for smallpox.)

At Caracas the expedition divided. Salvany sailed for South America, and Balmis went on to Havana and

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Yucatan. Here Pastor left Balmis for the interior of Tabasco and Guatemala, while Balmis went on vaccinating and forming juntas or committees, for propagating and maintaining his good work. Balmis then sailed south towards the Magellan Straits, and came up the Pacific coast of South America to the boundaries of Sinaloa and Sonora in Mexico, where he waited patiently till Pastor could join him again. Pastor had a long struggle with the elements in his great journey across Mexico.

Salvany's task was as hard, if not harder. He was shipwrecked on the coasts of Colombia, off the mouth of the Magdalena river, but without the slightest hesitation he traveled up indefatigably until he reached the place where the river Cauca joins the Magdalena, and turning north, he journeyed as far as Medellin, vaccinating along the river shores on his way towards the head waters. Not long afterwards he was in Santa Fé, Argentine, whence, heedless of insurmountable difficulties, he led his small band to Guayaquil and Quito in Ecuador. Like Pastor, he had accomplished a great trans-continental journey. He then went on to Peru and Chile, vaccinating as he went, and was awaited with anxiety and hope in Buenos Aires. It was then well on in the year 1805. The Portuguese, Machado Caravalho, reached Buenos Aires some months before Salvany was able to get there, with some vaccinated Negroes, but this did not detract in the least from the merits of Balmis's organization and expedition—because as Penna, the Argentine professor, declared, the vaccine used by Carvalho was originally brought into South America by members of the Balmis expedition. Balmis himself had paved the way to success along the coast towns with his ability to organize his "juntas."

Balmis, in the meanwhile, sailed from Acapulco, one of the Mexican towns on the Pacific, with twenty-six children who were there to supply the vaccine from their scabs. He reached the Philippines after a long and tiresome sea journey. He stopped there a short time to teach the natives how to vaccinate; then went on to Macao to give the Portuguese similar training. From Macao he went to Canton, China, where the East India Company had not been able before to introduce the cow-pox with any lasting result. Balmis made it known and lasting.

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, Balmis stopped at St. Helena on his way home, propagating his enthusiasm for his cure whole-heartedly, and convincing the English there of the advantages of the inoculation which they had been loath to admit.

In September 1806, he was back again in Madrid. Not long before this, the Spaniards had been defeated at Trafalgar, and when Balmis's strange journey was published in the Madrid Gazette, the battle of Jena was being fought in Prussia. There had been nothing but war and strife during the three years of Balmis's voyage—a great and noble voyage, whose scientific importance has long been over-clouded by the contemporaneous struggle between Europe and Napoleon.

THE POPULAR SONG

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

THAT art—art, whether of the broad "a" or the emphasized "r"—does not pretend to even a bowing acquaintance with the popular song, is a moss-coated fact. Yet that this left-handed scion of the muse still keeps on its way undiscouraged by such disdain, is an equally unchallengeable conclusion. And there are facets to the story of the people's ditties that might repay the student of humanity for a temporary desertion of loftier themes—indicating, as they artlessly do, the innate sentiment of the millions who still prefer lithographs to etchings.

The public likes to think itself soft-hearted, and despite its sophistication, still capable of producing the sympathetic tear when occasion calls. This is the trait that our great-great grandmothers flaunted under the name of "sensibility," and which supplied Jane Austen with ammunition for her novel, Sense and Sensibility. And though we, their descendants, have all the proper scorn for the mere implication of sentimentality, the trusty old tear-appeal still holds its ground.

The most direct reaction to that appeal in our own immediate day and land is the "mammy" song, with all its die-away variants. The reign of the "mammy" cult has been stronger and longer than that of any of its predecessors—though at the moment its vogue is diminishing somewhat. Just why the ebon-hued gen'leman lamenting his separation from his maternal progenitor in dear old Ga'gia—where all the mammies seem to hibernate—should not at the mere cost of a railroad ticket, hasten to join her there, is a question that apparently agitates his consciousness as slightly as it does that of his sympathetic auditors. Yet there was a time, implying no grey hairs to remember it, when the mammy was a yet undiscovered song-star.

That in the long list of popular songs, some have shattered the lachrymose tradition, none may deny; as, say, the sailor-favorite, Nancy Lee; or the yet unforgotten Daisy Bell. But for the open-air robustness of one Daisy Bell—a reminder of the bicycle age—or the breezy optimism of one Nancy Lee—there is a whole corps of tear-compellers. High at the head of that corps stand the time-consecrated Old Kentucky Home, The Suwanee River, Darling Nellie Gray, and Old Black Joe—still poignantly sweet in their appeal.

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Then, though for some reason it has failed to withstand the hustling of the years, there was the pensively reflective song, of which a few choice blossoms may yet be found in time-yellowed old song-books. Life was not by any means a matter of beer and skittles to the gentlemen who wrote—

If you be poor, from your friends keep a distance;
Hold up your head, though your wants are but small;
Once let the world know you need its assistance,
Be sure that you never will get it at all—

Which knowledge, however, had no power to dampen his spirits, as shown by the refrain—

Then try to be happy and gay, my boys;
Remember the world is wide;
Rome wasn't built in a day, my boys;
So wait for the turn of the tide.

To that period and classification belongs the solemn and many-versed Castles in the Air. It aimed at higher realms than its auditors' hearts. It went up and assaulted the ramparts of their minds. It exploited the geniuses of the world, after this fashion—

Now there's a name known o'er the world,
To Englishmen 'tis dear,
And well may they be proud of him—
Their native bard, Shakespeare.
When first his plays came on the stage
They made the world to stare,
And they were composed while he was building
Castles in the air.

From what we can discover of the song-lore of the 'seventies and 'eighties, pure, unrelieved sentiment dominated these states from centre to circumference. Everywhere, in horse-haired parlor or frontier shack, to the accompaniment of piano and organ, of concertina and accordeon, were heard the dulcet strains of Take this Letter to my Mother, Silver Threads among the Gold, and—more popular than any one of our present-day *mammy ditties*—the *revivalist hymn*, warbled everywhere as a song during the era that sponsored whiskers and Rutherford B. Hayes—

In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet
On that beautiful shore.

It was also those days, so prolific in the production of the serious-sentimental, that gave breath to the shrewd and sane Mulligan Guard song-series—those ditties to which Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart brought all their natural talent.

We crave your condescension,
Till we tell you that we know—
All about the Mulligan Guards
From the seventh ward below.
Our captain's name was Hussey,
A Tipperary man
Who carried his sword like a Russian duke
Whenever he took command.

It is easy enough to understand how words so crisply alert, set to a melody that everyone could hum or whistle, quickly swept from New York over the country, and then overseas. Their vogue set the pace for Little Mary Kelly, and The Babies on Our Block. But it was only New York itself that could get the full flavor of those ditties that photographed with such genial good nature the friendly amenities marking the intercourse between tenement landlord and dweller—

It's "good morning to you, landlord,"
And "how are you this day?"
When Patrick Murphy, Esquire,
Comes down the alley-way.
With his brand-new silken beaver,
He's as solid as a rock,
The envy of the neighbor boys
That live upon the block.

Indeed, as chronicles, though exaggerated ones, of a time and condition that have vanished almost as wholly as the dinosaur, these songs of Edward Harrigan's have a certain sociologic value—a fact which was pointed out by that close observer of American social conditions, the late William Dean Howells. Nor has New York, which forgets so easily, yet wholly forgotten them. They belong to the same genial tradition that blossomed into the Sidewalks of New York—

East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sing ring-a-rosy, London Bridge is falling down.
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rourke,
Trip the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

With the coming of 'nineties, the world of letters, arts, and society found a new phrase to define itself—fin de siècle—not a bad phrase at all to define a decade assumedly bored with everything—most of all, perhaps, with its own cleverness. The pose, London-born, had never any very vital reaction in the United States; but how slightly it affected the great mass of our American citizenry may be gleaned from the guileless naïveté of the songs most widely caroled in New York and the hinterland cities during the period of the Yellow Book. There was, for instance, the ingratiating simplicity of the hero in Sweet Marie—

When I gaze upon your face,
Sweet Marie,
A feeling most divine comes to me.
Every bird within the dell,
Knows my secret, knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell,
Sweet Marie.

For popularity, this had no second, except After the Ball—that lyric of the mid-'nineties which, surely to the gratification of its author, Charles K. Harris, lately burst into a second blooming as a stirring photo-play.

In that conflict so briskly entered upon—our imbroglio with Spain—there was an especially lugubrious cast to the songs most sung, alike on sea and shore. There was the ultra-harrowing Just Break the News

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to Mother, strongly reinforced by the unrelieved gloom of Good Bye Dolly Gray.

In simple justice, however, it must be conceded that the one most entirely popular song of that war broke all the rules of melancholy. This was the San Juan paean, There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, which set the feet of a whole people to beating time, and traveled so fast and so far that many other folk beside the Spanish-speaking residents of Cuba had good reason to believe it was our American national anthem. Amidst the waning memories of that stirring interlude it still emits a vivid crimson spark.

The great war as these states knew it, was preëminently a war of young men; and the spirit of youth, sanguine, flippant, unquenchably gay, dominated the songs most beloved of the A. E. F. There was certainly nothing wailing in—

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile;
While there's a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.

But while it seems superfluous to recall matters still so fresh in the general mind, it would be unjust, in any mention of the great war songs, to omit word of what, beyond doubt, was the most inspiring of them all. Victrola owners have long set aside the records commemorating our overseas crusade; yet there is a buglering of the true heroic in George M. Cohan's Over There—that song associated unforgettably with Chateau Thierry, and those 8,000 American boys who, on that July day, marched to the relief of the sorely-pressed French, singing—"The Yanks are coming . . . We'll be over, we're coming over—and we won't come back till it's over, over there."

Of the 8,000 young men who then joined in that triumphal chorus, over 6,000 were killed or wounded; a fact to stir lyric memories still, though our present mode be all away from war and its sombre aftermath.

The Wolf

Triste lupus stabulis . . .

I am the wolf that howls by night.
Down in the valley beneath my lair
I watch your windows twinkle bright,
Your chimneys plume on the still blue air.
Oft, when the wind from valeward comes
I sniff the reek of your sweating flock.
The muzzle wrinkles over my gums,
And I sing my sorrow to pine and rock.

Some day, sick of hunger and cold,
I may slip from my den and creep
Down to the byre and the fold
Where fat sheep huddle and sleek kine drink.
Oh! you'll shoot me—cut off my head,
Flay my pelt from me—stretch it tight.
But I shall have fed 'ere I be dead.
I am the wolf that howls by night.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

A QUERY

By CARYL COLEMAN

IS a knowledge of symbolism and emblematical lore essential in order to properly apprecite the religious paintings of the old masters? The few Catholic authors writing in English upon art would seem to hold this as indispensable. If they are right, why do writers of authority on the subject, those whose writings have become standard works of reference the world over, have so little to say about symbolism? Here are twenty-eight such books by Grimm, Kugler, Von Wolzogen, Taim, Berenson, Ruskin, Weale, Symonds, Blashfield, etc., and in these volumes, taken altogether over 4,000 octavo pages, there is not enough said about symbolism to fill half a dozen pages. As for emblems, they are only spoken of as labels or mere distinguishing marks.

It cannot be said in justice that these distinguished writers, critics, and artists did not appreciate understandingly both the artistic and intellectual beauty of the old masters; their wonderful excellency of composition and harmony of color, their truthful distribution of light and shade, their depiction of all forms of ascetic values; yet, there is not a particle of evidence that any one of these scholars had more than a very faint knowledge of the art of symbolism. This is not, however, surprising, in view of the fact that symbolism is a subject seldom studied except by archaeologists and theologians, antiquarians and ecclesiologists. Why should these writers on art have made it a study? What value would it have been to them in their just appreciation of the artistic beauty and marvelous technique of the old masters? How much would the knowledge that the five shekels, spoken of in the Old Testament, symbolized the five holy wounds; or that a pearl stood for the sacrament of Penance, have aided them in their judgment as connoisseurs?

After all, what is symbolism more than the art or determining the signification of symbols? And what is a symbol but a sign—a representation of something by something else, a mere suggestion to the mind? It may signify a person, a fact, a virtue, a mystery, a spiritual idea; or on the other hand it may be manifold in its suggestiveness and stand for all of these—the cross for example, is primarily and essentially the symbol of faith; but it is also a symbolic sign of Christ, a person; the sacrifice of Calvary, a fact; hope, a virtue; the Passion, a mystery; and a standard of salvation as well as a spiritual idea.

An emblem in Christian symbolism is a device or object belonging to some particular person, and is employed to distinguish that person from all others. Saint Peter is known in pictural art by a pair of keys which he carries—they are his emblem because of the words of the Master—"I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." A cross in the form of the letter X is the emblem of Saint Andrew, because it was the instrument of his martyrdom. It often happens that an emblem is a symbol as well—the sword is the individual emblem of the Apostle Paul, because he was decapitated with one; it is also a symbol of faith—"the sword of the spirit which is the word of God."

Symbolism at its best is fanciful, often very far-fetched in its significance, obscure in its meaning and sometimes even heretical; so much so at times that the Church, the guardian and dispenser of the faith, has legislated against its misuse. The Council of Trullo, in 692, decreed that henceforth historical painting should be preferred to symbolical and allegor-

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ical painting in the adornment of churches This canon put an end to excess in its use; hence in the old masters there is on the whole very little symbolism employed. In their work, as a rule, there will be found only lessons inculcating pure Catholic doctrine and traditions in union with Christian history; pictorial unfolding of the great scheme of human redemption; a faithful echo of the Gospel narrative, the primitive Church, the teachings of the early Fathers, the noble deeds, visions, and mysticism of the saints together with the heroism of the martyrs—thus, in the words of Spenser, making the Church throughout Christendom—

> The house of goodly forms and faire aspects,
> Whence all the world derives the glorious
> Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
> With which God his workmanshipt hath deckt.

Truly a house of God, fitly described by our great poet in the words ascribed to Miranda—

> There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
> If the ill spirit have so fair an house
> Good things will strive to dwell with't—

In very truth, the Church has never cared for symbolism in itself; or in fact for any form of art for art's sake; but only in as far as it could be usefully employed as a handmaiden in the Church's mission to mankind. It can be truthfully said the Church is a patron of the fine arts—fresco, painting, mosaic, etc. Whether or not they are good, or bad, or indifferent expression, it matters not, so long as they teach the faith correctly, are inspired by the love of God and His saints, are a sincere manifestation of a believer's devotion toward the greater glory of his Father in heaven, and invite the sinner to the Church, awakening him to repentence. Symbolism on the whole tends toward the narrowing of artistic expression and forces iconography into a certain fixed scheme of representation, according to a fixed code of sacro-pictorial law, thus destroying every effort of originality. In the end, it becomes the death of all true art—as witness the so-called art of the Greek church.

While the road of art and its expression, under Catholic influence, shuns the narrow defiles of sectarianism and national prejudice, it is always alive and cherishes the truth and every fruit of artistic human ingenuity and invention that leads to the glory of God, to encouragement, consolation, piety, and a life of faith.

Who were the first masters in Christian art? They certainly were not symbolizers. Outside of their technical skill, they were martyrs; men who shed their blood for refusing to abjure the Catholic truth—Claudius, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius, who underwent cruel martyrdom in the Diocletian persecution, whom the Church commemorates on November 8—Lazarus, who was done to death by the Iconoclasts; the monk-artist Zonaras, who suffered under the tyrant, Theophilus.

It is plain that the best guide to a true appreciation of the religious paintings of the old masters, outside of their purely artistic values and technique, is not a knowledge of symbolism, but familiarity with sacred and ecclesiastical history, and the biography of the saints. Even then, their inner poetic beauty and religious sentiment cannot be understood unless they open in all their glory and wisdom and splendor to the comprehending, intelligible eyes of faith.

A COMMUNICATION

SPECIFIC CREATION

Rochester, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It is difficult to take your correspondent, John J. Wagner, seriously. . . His letter is a most extraordinary document. The situation is this:—I send you a communication on a subject which I regard as of much importance; some weeks after, your correspondent arises to declare twice, emphatically, that he regards my letter as "beside the point." Beside what point? Beside my point? No, not at all—this he does not even suggest—but beside his, John J. Wagner's point. Now I must candidly confess that I did not write about his point . . . Quite possibly, in this I may have been all wrong . . . I did not write about the weather; I did not write about the tariff; I did not write about the Chinese question. Indeed, upon reflection, I find there are a great many things about which I failed to write in that letter.

Your correspondent, however, evidently aware of the awkwardness of his charge, undertakes to manoeuvre me into a position of guilt, and convict me of, at least, constructive "besidedness." His strategy here is a miracle of logical engineering. . . .Then Mr. Wagner makes a clean breast of his troubles, saying as he takes his leave—"What we do want and need sorely are a few positive arguments . . . in favor of specific creation." What did my letter have to do with Mr. Wagner's "specific creation?" And why should anyone opposed to evolution be bound to this doctrine? Why should they not just as well be bound to generic creation, or classal creation, or ordinal creation, or racial creation? Is specific creation a dogma of Catholic faith? And if it be, when was it so defined? But special creation is not a dogma of religion, but a doctrine of science.

It was Linnaeus, the father of classification who made the distinction between species possible. It was he, too, who seems to have first formulated the scientific dogma in his stately phrase—"Species tot sunt quot diversas ab initio produxit Infinitum Ens." His method of recognizing species was by external marks or morphological characters. Then came Cuvier, with his internal organizations which, to some extent, eclipsed for a while the characteristic marks of Linnaeus as the guide to species. Later, both systems seem to have been united in determining to what species the individual belonged. But neither the rule of Linnaeus, nor the rule of Cuvier, nor both of them together, seems to have proved an infallible guide. Both the external characteristics and the internal structure often become mere blurred lines of vision. Linnaeus himself, misled by his own characteristic marks, classed a homopterous insect as a moth. Wallace, the co-discoverer of evolution with Darwin, tells us of the Lepidoptera that "there is no possible test but individual opinion to determine which of them shall be considered as species and which as varieties." It is Darwin, himself, who tells us that "no one definition of it has satisfied all naturalists." It is Darwin who tells us he thinks "the term includes the unknown element of a distinct act of creation," and declares it all "very perplexing."

Indeed, the curvature of his "straight thinking" on this point turns out to be positively crooked. He wants "positive arguments in favor of specific creation." He wants "no more arguments against evolution." (They evidently go against the grain.) "We have been surfeited with them," he tells us. Precisely so do all Darwinians feel.

J. SIMON FITZSIMONS.

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POEMS

Ballads

He knew no music; but he liked to hear
Kind women's voices in a twilight sing,
And he would sit by firelight, listening,
His thin face shaded, smiling where he leant,
Faintly, his eyelids drooped, his grey head bent,
Building perhaps the little daylight jest
By which the ones who loved him knew him best.

But when one old unhurried song of death
Murmured along the unmoved singer's breath,
Unchangedly and sweet and long of ending,
There was a lady came into the room
Out of her grave, we knew, smiling, and bending
Lightheart to him, as if she had no tomb
Who knew him swift and proud and gladly gay,
And he was young again while she was young . . .

He said no word; only if then they sung
"Loch Lomond," he slipped quietly away.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Drizzle

Drizzle at dusk: street and square
A tepid rustle of beaded wires;
Trucks pawing the drenched blue air;
Whining and adhesive tires.

Umbrellas yawn and tug until
Men are fishes on their tails;
It is easier to stand still
Under the spitting silver nails.

Nothing is cold after the cold
Vacuity of cherished eyes;
Keats is music and wet mould—
Why should I be otherwise?

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

A Prayer for a Marriage

We have shared beauty and have shared grief, too;
And these have brought us nearer than we knew.
We have shared joy and loneliness and fear,
Danger and terror and death creeping near
Joined us. The worst that poverty can do
Will not avail, though all its strength is bent
Against us. Naught on earth can part us two,
Save the monotony of calm content.

Pray God that He may give a little pain,
A fear, a joy, to draw us close again.
Where'ere our pleasant paths too smoothly run,
May storm-clouds change the gold of too much sun.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

He Was Their Lover

He was their lover—this I know—and why?
Because I saw him stand; look to the sky—
One early morning hour; the ground was cold and bare,
Save snow-drift patches snuggled here and there—
Draw from his pocket bread, all crumbled, dry . . .
Soon many wings around him whirling fly;
He—like Saint Francis—knew as he passed by
The wants of little birds, with them would share,
He was their lover!
They felt his kinship, held him their ally.
He was so thinly clad . . . coat buttoned high,
With shabby hat drawn down on unkempt hair;
His heart and theirs uprose—as in a prayer
Together breathed—to One they glorify,
He was their lover!

MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY.

Tomorrow's People

Blue-prints and mathematics and the strong
Immediacy of metal—these have won
The thoroughfares of wind we move along;
Pointed a thousand fingers at the sun.

A smoking rivet settles to the clinch,
The netted cables quiver and snap tight;
Icarus, in the whirring of a winch,
Is fledged again for yet another flight.

These are tomorrow's people, binding us
With crazy courage to a girder end,
Finding us footing there on ledge and truss—
Sky-walkers with a province to defend,
Who, even at the capstone, must appeal
To a blind eagle flapping wings of steel.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Touched

Though it be mad to call the mind a cave
Where gulls are prisoned in a rocky dome,
His was a solitude too deep to save—
Sleepy tides and luminous with foam.

For never could he call the simple word
And bid it serve the uncompleted thought;
Earth was a seed . . . and by a migrant bird
That sought a nest, the splinter-moon was brought.

Few minds have green waves breaking in them, or
A row of pillars measuring the sky,
And pigeons falling through an Attic door,
Falling to lurch where ruined marbles lie.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Enchanted April

IT needs no more than the soothing title of this play—based on "Elizabeth's" novel of the same name—to arouse every instinct of vigilance and self-preservation. The very soul of poor Pollyanna threatens to exude from it and shed tears of joy on your exposed heartstrings. But I can ease your mind at once. This is a real play, peopled with living and decidedly conflicting characters, not only capable but almost certain of delighting you for a full evening.

Kane Campbell is responsible for the stage version of this story—and the task has been accomplished with smoothness, dexterity and ample vigor. The arrangement is notable for the fullness with which it handles the seven principal characters without confusion of effect, or dispersion of interest. Readers of the novel will recall that the theme deals with the quite astonishing result of bringing together in an Italian castle an elderly widow, two disgruntled married women and a lovely young creature—each a complete stranger to the other three. Two stray husbands and the young portrait painter who owns the castle complete the incongruous septette. I should like to be able to tell you who is the leading lady and who the gallant hero—but unless we arbitrarily and unjustly rule out married persons per se, I am quite at a loss. For, you see, each discovers something of new romance under Mediterranean skies—though the elderly widow's romance is chiefly the discovery of her unsuspected self. Yet there is good unity withal. Perhaps it is drawn from that ravishing April sky.

I understand that on the opening night, the second act (there are three acts and a prologue) went largely to pieces, thereby halting the action and swing of the piece long before its appointed time. This must account for the general tone of the criticisms in the daily press, to the effect that the play indulged in an ungraceful slump after a brilliant opening. By the third performance, when I saw it, I could detect none of this declining tempo. Both action and interest were well sustained. You may score this as one point to the advantage of the critic on a weekly paper. He does not have to brave the perils of first nights.

The two married souls who are the first to respond to the advertisement announcing that the Italian castle will be rented for the month of April, are Lotty Wilkins and Rose Arbuthnot—sharply contrasting characters displayed with the most delightful precision and crispness by Elizabeth Risdon and Merle Maddern respectively. Alison Skipworth as the portly and superbly domineering widow, Mrs. Fisher (whose "reference" is the governor of the Bank of England!) lends a touch of finished old-school acting such as you rarely see in these days of half-trained speakers of lines.

If you feel, as I do, that Helen Gahagan is one of the most promising actresses of the last two seasons, you will probably regret that her part as the disillusionized Lady Caroline Dester does not offer much chance for her larger powers of poetic insight and emotional selection. Except in the prologue where, for some strange reason, she is guilty of self-consciousness, she gives a portrait of fine repose, delicate irony and pointed comedy. But it is not more than you would expect from her. To anyone who has seen her in Hasenclever's Beyond, when her emotional range and sweep of expressive gesture were a sheer delight, parts such as Lady Caroline or the wife in The Sapphire Ring must bring disappointment and a certain impatience. Perhaps Dan Totheroh will write a play giving scope to Miss Gahagan's real abilities—something with the lyric tragedy of Wild Birds. I hope so.

The male trio has a cast as brilliant as the ladies' quartette, with Herbert Yost snatching the honors for his inimitable Mellersh Wilkins. The Enchanted April is easily the best comedy of the early season, both in substance and in acting.

The Sea Woman

IF you don't believe that straight melodrama can be raised to a high plane by the sheer force of superb acting, then by all means go to see Blanche Yurka as Molla Hansen in The Sea Woman.

Willard Robertson has created in this play two characters of importance; Molla, the keeper of the lighthouse in Chesapeake Bay, and Charlie Watts—one of those villains who is not wholly villainous. The other characters are types, moving through the mazes of melodramatic plot with distressful certainty, touching here the crags of pluperfect heroism and there the traditional depths of degradation. But Charlie Watts as played by Paul Kelly becomes individual and distinctly more than a puppet. He has reality and substance apart from the plot. And then, there is Blanche Yurka's Molla!

You may recall that last season Miss Yurka created something of a sensation by her interpretation of Gina Eckdall in Ibsen's Wild Duck. She is one of those rare actresses who seems to drop all her own mannerisms and personality and to become the very essence of the character she is playing—not merely through feeling, but through a perfection of gesture, voice and movement—elements demanding the closest study and the most persistent mental control.

She has brought to the present melodrama the same rare powers. She has utterly transformed herself, passing from the stodgy matter-of-factness of Gina to the mystic awsomeness of Molla with certainty and completeness. Gina was magnificently obtuse; Molla lives in the grandiose poetry of the storm-lashed seas. She is of the race of vikings, dedicated to the sea at birth. Her father found the ocean as his grave. The sea, its customs, its mystery and mastery are sacred to Molla, even beyond the pull of her own woman's passions. Without this mystical ferocity of Molla, The Sea Woman could never live as a play. Mr. Robertson has created here a character vastly better than his play, and in Miss Yurka he has found an extraordinary interpreter.

The particular quality of her work is elusive because its effects are simple. They are heightened through carefully planned contrasts, and what I imagine must be a minutely studied sequence of movement. There is one moment when, by simply walking across the stage, she seems to add inches to her stature. No actress can trust to the feeling of the instant for such an effect. It is a trick, a very common one, in fact; but in the hands of a mediocre actress, it shows as a trick and no more. When Miss Yurka uses it, she completes the illusion of reality. You do not know it is conscious acting. This is where the artist rises like a pillar above the mere actress.

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You may forget the play of The Sea Woman in a few weeks. But the character of Molla Hansen and the acting of Blanche Yurka will rest long in your memory.

Siegfried on the Screen

ONE's respect for Wagner as a dramatist increases mightily after seeing the Ufa production of Siegfried. For aside from many astonishingly fine bits of photography and scenic composition, the free-for-all version of the Siegfried story used in Thea von Harbou's scenario deprives the spectacle of nearly all dramatic interest.

In the Century Theatre production, Wagner's music is very appropriately used to sustain the current of emotion and shifting mood. But this is about all that connects the screen Siegfried with Wagner's magnificent trilogy. The story has been massacred out of all resemblance to the Wagnerian theme. It is a composite of Lohengrin, Siegfried, the Gotterdaemmerung and bits from Nordic sources not used by Wagner at all. Many characters from the trilogy are introduced, but without visible dramatic reason. They are taken up in short episodes only to be dropped completely like a broken thread. The principle of dramatic unity is violated at every turn for the sake of brief spectacular interludes. Elaborate dramatic preparation is made for events that never take place. Not the least curious departure from the Wagnerian version, is the exclusion of all the gods and the introduction of mediaeval church scenes—themselves utterly out of key with the dwarfs, dragons and other excrescences, not to mention Siegfried himself. He is described in one place as half-god, and is shown in another being married by a priest of the patently Christian era!

But—to repeat—the photography itself and the stupendous and stark settings for certain scenes are magnificent. If only the scenario writer had been content to rest on Wagner's fine dramatic sense and had not gone afield in search of extraneous material, this might have been a noteworthy production. It now stands as a great opportunity lost.

Have You Seen The Little Poor Man?

HARRY LEE'S dramatization of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, which we reviewed a few weeks ago, still appears, even in retrospect, as one of the most notable events in the recent history of Broadway.

Broadway throbs, and lives and thrives on contrasts. We see there the drama within each theatre and the stranger and larger drama of vibrant contrasts between each theatre. The stage sums up the whole panorama of the life we are living and the lives we have forgotten how to live. But never, to my knowledge, has a play with the directness, the spirituality and the dramatic power of The Little Poor Man appeared at a moment of sharper conflict nor more intense passions.

It is the very antithesis of Broadway—the power of God speaking to the power of man, the song of the eternal rising triumphantly above the cacophony of modern life. The Little Poor Man has come into a strange world. No matter how long or how short a time he stays there, that world will find its heart enlarged from the mere fact that he has passed by.

(*The list of plays which The Commonweal published at the end of the play reviews during last year's theatrical season under the title—When Choosing Your Plays—will be resumed when a sufficient number of new plays have opened to warrant it.—The Editors.*)

THE MAN OF RESEARCH

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

WHEN Mr. Sinclair Lewis's latest novel appeared, I read it with great interest and have since re-read it during a journey to the Pacific coast. I have also read a number of reviews of that book, and have marveled at the fact that so many of them seem to have missed what struck me as the real core of the book. Indeed, only in a scientific journal, Nature, which only once in a blue moon recognizes the fact that novels exist, have I seen a reflex of my own judgment of the book. Some reviews harp on the Main-Street side of the work, while others hail it as a satire on the medical profession.

Mr. Lewis's medical characters, I have met several on the other side of the Atlantic, and doubtless they are not wanting on this. Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh I have not, as yet, encountered; but I live in hope of doing so, and when he next has a Health Week, may I be there to hear the conversations between the twins and the farmers on the subject of daily teeth-cleaning! From an intimate acquaintance with medical schools and young hospital internes, I stand amazed at Mr. Lewis's accurate description of phases of life which, I understand, he has not himself passed through. To me, the real kernel of the book is the struggle which so frequently occurs in the mind of a man when the craving for a life of research is confronted with the imperious needs of earning a living. I am not astonished that the reviewers have so commonly missed that point, for doubtless—with the exception of the reviewer in Nature—none of them have ever experienced that craving and perhaps can hardly imagine that it exists—certainly can form no sort of an idea of its intensity. When a man is bitten by that craze to discover, he is not to be held, as is shown in the case of Arrowsmith.

The story generally runs something like this—The young man, just emerged from the medical school or the scientific laboratory, gets interested in a problem and starts to work it out. If he is successful, at once he must plunge into another, followed by a third. Interminable vistas of fascinating problems open up before him. Meantime he must eat and clothe himself, and perhaps that on a modest scale is rendered possible by one of the scores of minor appointments in medical and scientific schools. But as time goes on he tumbles into matrimony, and a family begins to be a possibility or even a fact. What then? That is the moment when, even if he has a Leora to encourage him, his mind begins to consider the idea that research does not pay, and that he must turn his attention to something which does. Those who have never been through a struggle of that kind can have no idea of its bitterness, yet it is one that has been endured by more men than most people would imagine. It is just because Mr. Lewis has seen that there is such a struggle in the life of some men, and has realized how great it is, that his book seems to me to be a contribution to literature.

Turning these things over in my mind as the train swept across the prairies, I began to think of some cases where the struggle had taken place and of the results for the world. Take Mendel, for example. Every intelligent person knows that his work has produced an immense influence on biology, and most people will tell you that he was an abbot. Of course he was not, for his order knows no such name. But at any rate it is better to call him an abbot than an abbé—as most of the papers did when he was first emerging into fame.

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Mendel did all his research work while he was a simple monk. Then he was elevated to the headship of his monastery, and, writing to Naegeli who appears to have been his one scientific correspondent, he congratulates himself on the fact that this position will give him so much more time for research. Did it? Poor foolish Mendel, he knew nothing of what administration meant, or he would never have entertained that glittering hope! I expect that even in ordinary times, the headship of a religious house is no easy position, and in Mendel's case he was involved in a tedious controversy on taxation. As a result, his splendid work came to an end. What a waste, one might say, if one did not feel that doubtless there was something in this matter more than we can see.

Or again, take the case of Nicolaus Stensen, of whom we Catholics as a body know far too little. Here was a man who, 200 years after his death, was honored by a tablet placed to his memory by an illustrious body of scientific men as "Inter Geologos et Anatomicos Praestantissimus." Stensen was born and brought up a Lutheran, and came to Italy to practise medicine. While there, he made the great discoveries in anatomy which have attached his name to at least one object known to every medical student; and those equally great, perhaps even greater, discoveries in geology which have entitled him to the name which he bears of "the father of modern geology." He was converted to the Church, and some years afterwards became a priest. Unfortunately for science, so it would appear, he was consecrated a bishop, and sent to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, where he wore out his days in useless endeavors and died.

Here at least are two classical examples of men turned from research, but in both duty called, and the call was responded to. There is one crowning instance, however, of the definite choice of comparative absence of wealth in order that the craving for research might be satisfied. W. H. Perkin, the discoverer of the aniline dyes, hit off the first of these dyes by pure accident. It produced a color like that of the mallow, and hence was called mauve. It was very fugitive in sunlight, and has, I believe, long been abandoned; but it was the precursor of an almost endless succession of coloring stuffs. Perkin started a manufactory which was highly successful, but his heart was in research, and as soon as he had accumulated sufficient money to live upon, he closed down his works, built himself a house and laboratory, and settled down to spend the rest of his days in research. Research had won, for there is no doubt that, had he continued his manufacturing business, he would have made a great fortune. He did his best to get British capital to take up this line of manufacture, but in vain. The Germans were more astute, and though the raw products were at the time chiefly obtainable in England, they took the matter up, and the result has been the vast business of the Badische Aniline Fabrik and such concerns, from which are turned out not only dye stuffs, but hosts of synthetic products.

However, this is diverging from Arrowsmith and his problems. He had a second one which rarely occurs to the man of research, though it is not unknown—the problem which arises when he marries an ambitious woman, with or without money, whose object in life is to climb by the aid of her distinguished husband. Then there is every prospect of a real contest, for the researcher is very seldom a person who loves or makes any figure in social circles.

From one reader, Mr. Lewis secures real gratitude for the faithful picture he has drawn of a phase of life which no one previously has ever thought worthy of notice.

BOOKS

Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual, by F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

IT might be expected on general principles that our modern pragmatic philosophers would be saved from delusions and their subsequent disillusions—but manifestly they are not. Some of our best known pragmatists have committed themselves to very thoroughgoing approbation of a recently published volume called Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual, by F. Matthias Alexander, and to the explanation of disease and the method of healing which Mr. Alexander has worked out. The author, following the example of M. Coué, says that he does not undertake to cure anything or anyone. He helps people by "reëducation," and by "readjustment of the organism as a whole." We have heard much about adjustment in recent years, and now we are to have readjustment. The osteopaths adjust the spine, and the respiropaths adjust the lungs and the breathing, and the naturopaths adjust natural processes, and the chiropractors adjust anything and everything that they say is out of order—and they all guarantee that in this way they can cure practically all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

It is interesting to note what Mr. Alexander claims he can help by means of readjustment, especially since our American pragmatists are convinced that he cures. In order to understand just what his claims in the matter are, we must go back to his preceding volume issued some six years ago—Man's Supreme Inheritance. In that volume Mr. Alexander says—"The real cause of the development of such diseases, (cancer, appendicitis, bronchitis, tuberculosis, etc.,) is to be found in the erroneous preconceived ideas of the persons immediately concerned." This comes so near saying that "disease is an error of mortal mind," that famous healing principle of our time which has made converts and cured patients by tens of thousands, that it is rather hard for a mere physician to make out the difference between them.

The bearer of this new message of healing says quite positively and straight-forwardly that "the greater number of specific disorders such as asthma, tuberculosis, cancer, nervous complaints, etc. [that inevitable, etc.], indicate interference with the normal conditions of the body, lack of control and imperfect working of the human mechanism with displacement of different parts. . . . To regain normal health and power in all such cases, what I have called "reëducation" is absolutely imperative. This treatment begins in practically all cases by instructions in the primary factors connected with the eradication of erroneous preconceived ideas."

Thus simply is cured cancer, tuberculosis, asthma and all the rest of the ordinary diseases of mankind, because I suppose that it must be concluded that when a man uses "etc." as loosely as in this case, he means his readers to understand by it practically any other of the affections of mankind. He does not promise to cure them, but he will put them in condition of mind and body by readjustment where they will cure themselves. How easy it all is! And yet, in this country, nearly 100,000 people died of cancer last year, and probably more than 100,000 people will die of cancer next year—all because they suffer from "erroneous preconceived ideas" which they will not part with in spite of Mr. Alexander's discovery, disclosed some six years ago, as to the utter simplicity and mental character of their afflictions—which prove, after all, to be mortal.

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Yet some of our distinguished American philosophers have insisted on giving Mr. Alexander and his books their fullest recommendation. Professor John Dewey, usually considered a thoroughly representative American thinker, wrote introductions for both of the volumes. One is tempted to ask whether or not Professor Dewey accepts the proposition that the cause of the development of cancer is to be found in "erroneous preconceived ideas," and that the cure of cancer, tuberculosis, asthma, nervous disorders, and of course the inevitable "etc.," is to be found in the eradication of these "erroneous preconceived ideas" and the "reëducation" of the patient. Professor Dewey is not alone. Professor James Harvey Robinson goes even farther in his complete acceptance and recommendation of the new method of healing. As Professor Robinson has been teaching the rest of us about The Mind in the Making, it is very interesting to have this example of how the mind can be used *after* the making. One may, for instance, make up one's mind to accept the teaching that "the cause of the development of cancer, appendicitis, tuberculosis, bronchitis," etc., is found in "erroneous preconceived ideas," and that they can be cured by the eradication of erroneous preconceived ideas. This modern mind of ours is capable of some very curious gymnastics—after the making.

In these new healing methods there is always a word with the widest sort of significance that is juggled with. In the early days of the study of electricity, that proved to be a word to conjure with. In our day psychology in some form is the source of a great many cures. Psychoanalysis is a typical example. Man has not as yet caught up with his evolution, and that is the reason why he suffers from all forms of disease. Mr. Alexander's method teaches people how to catch up with their evolution. "Human beings cannot progress satisfactorily in civilization while they remain dependent upon subconscious (instinctive) guidance and control." There is another word to conjure with—the subconscious. So now a new stage of evolution is to be reached by "constructive conscious control," and this is to be secured by Mr. Alexander's method. When that is secured, cancer, tuberculosis, appendicitis, bronchitis, and not to forget "etc.," will no longer occur because they are due to "erroneous preconceived ideas," and these will no longer exist.

Francis Bacon, the founder of modern philosophy, felt that he could not but admit that there was something marvelously curative about the weapon-ointment. This, it may be recalled, was that famous ointment which cured any wound; but, as its name implies, it was not applied to the wound itself but to the weapon which produced the wound. Bishop Berkeley, considered by some the greatest philosophic mind in the England of the eighteenth century, thought that tar-water would cure nearly every affection to which human nature is heir; after having, pragmatically, tried it on himself, his family, and his friends, Carlyle, having heard that Henry Taylor was ill, rushed off to see him with what was left of some medicine which helped Mrs. Carlyle in an illness not long before. The English philosopher was quite sure that what had done Mrs. Carlyle good, would surely benefit his friend—who was probably suffering from an entirely different ailment.

If you have a good deal of "mind," it is likely to disturb your body and produce symptoms. That is why a great many university professors and literary folk develop all sorts of affections which can only be cured by some newfangled appeal to the mind. And all this because pragmatic philosophers happen to miss the very simple distinction between functional and organic disease—between true pathological tissue changes and processes, and the psychoneuroses. Of course the "cures" work—they have always worked, and they will always work, and it does not make any difference what the "cures" consist of—they will cure about half the ills of mankind. If workability is equivalent to truth, then we have had lots of truths in the history of medicine that have proved to be the most glaring untruths in the course of a few years.

JAMES J. WALSH.

College, by John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THIS is a book which should be very generally read by members of college faculties and administrative officers. Criticism of the college, as an institution, has been too exclusively divided between persons immediately occupied in college matters (and therefore not disinterested) and persons entirely on the outside (and therefore not informed). Mr. Gavit is in neither class. He is not a college teacher or officer, but a journalist whose chief interest is education, and who has made a long first-hand study of the American college, equipped with this intelligent interest and with a journalist's searching eye for the facts. His observations simply cannot be disregarded.

A reader whose connections with college have been closer, if far less varied, than Mr. Gavit's, can but confirm the justice of most of his criticism. A healthy scepticism of academic portentousness, a breezy refusal to be hypnotized by academic incantations, have enabled him to cut his way through a great deal of buncombe, and to put the whole question of college education on solid ground.

Surely he is right when he contends that the enrichment of personality should be at the centre of the educational process, as indeed of the whole process of what is called culture. If one had to convey the basic drift of Mr. Gavit's book in a word, it would be this emphasis on the values of personality. This is at the base of his appeal to parents to consider the question of choosing a college for their son or daughter, in the light of his or her individual needs, not of sentiment or ambition; of his appeal to administrators to cultivate an atmosphere of personal friendliness, flexibility, and humor; of his appeal to teachers to remember that their disciplines are not ends in themselves but means to an end which can be reached only by individuals struggling and receiving aid as such.

All this is in the highest degree salutary. Others besides Mr. Gavit have been struck and saddened by the failure of "college life" to make even its limited contribution to the ripening of individual personality. Others have been disheartened by the air of fussy unreality which overcasts not only so much of the mechanics of administration and teaching, but so much of student activities. Others have wondered darkly whether "personality," in any valid sense, could ever emerge from all that buzz and Babel.

Yet Mr. Gavit's book, one must confess, leaves one in doubt whether the root of the ill has been attacked. Water rises no higher than its source (he himself observes), and college life may perhaps be exonerated for mirroring too faithfully the social life that surrounds it. Mr. Gavit's criticism would have been more fundamental if he had observed how sterile that life is itself in the values of personality. Our general American distrust of experience, our general immersion in "activity," in technique, in "production," our generally puerile attitude toward things of the spirit—are not these things at war with

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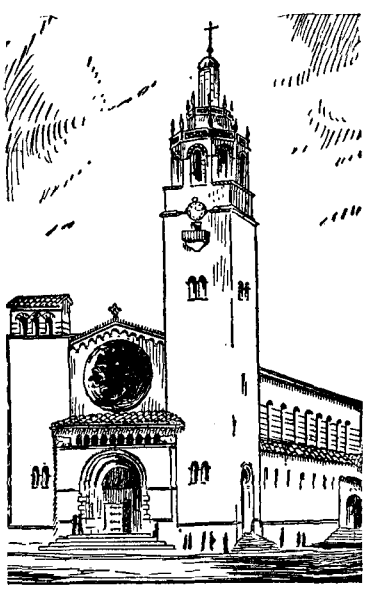

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personality on every front, and are they not perpetually at work in the lives of college students and teachers?

I think Mr. Gavit takes too seriously the cultural value of "extra-curriculum" activities; fails to diagnose them as to a very large extent symptoms of a wider preoccupation with immediate tangible achievement, of a more widespread breakdown of disinterested thinking and searching. He himself is open to the charge of taking too instrumental a view of knowledge. One grants heartily his contention that knowledge is no end in itself, is important only as it ultimately colors and controls and elevates human life. Yet when he says that "knowledge amounts to little save as it is assimilated into every phase of life from day to day—at college or anywhere else—in and for the business of living in all its aspects," one has an uneasy sense of the presence of Mr. Henry Ford or Mr. Upton Sinclair.

It is a paradox and a truth that in order to bear its full burden of fruit, knowledge, like art, must be pursued as for the moment an end in itself, at least as an independent value. "That alone is liberal knowledge," said Newman, "which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be informed (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed into any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest are without it when they minister to something beyond them." One need not go so far as this in order to feel that American life and the American college might well turn to the cultivation of far more distinterestedness, far more respect for perhaps "useless" learning and "impractical" study than either now possesses, if only for the ultimate enhancement of personality. A blindness to the possibilities of such a revolution is the chief defect of Mr. Gavit's informed and provocative book.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Prairie, by Walter J. Muilenburg. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. WALTER J. MUILENBURG, who has been turning out excellent short stories woven around the western farmer-folk, has taken one of these short stories and spun it out into a full-length novel that is really excellent. Too often these stories of the drab lives of the farmer-folk of the prairies are colorless and uninteresting, but this is not true of Prairie. Mr. Muilenburg's material is simple, though its implications are large. Elias Vaughn revolts from his intolerant father, leaves the little Iowa farm, and strikes out with his girl-wife to the unconquered prairies farther west, to win his own way against the soil. Every hardship becomes an adventure to be encountered with fortitude and overcome with patience. The smallest episode takes on a character of vivid drama; the fording of a swollen river; prairie fires and blizzards; even the rare visit to a remote town, and the rarer passage of a stranger across their lives. The brave struggle between the pioneer, with every handicap against him and the soil, is pictured with a realism that is none the less honest because it does not blight the romance of the adventure, and the disappointment of his wife and son are the bittersweet in his final cup of victory. In the end he stands out as the figure of the heroic pioneer, shaped from the stuff of heroes and patriarchs.

The Viking Press is to be congratulated on this auspicious beginning of its publishing career, and Mr. Muilenburg is to be hailed as a welcome addition to the ranks of the younger American novelists.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"Why should not editors strike, also?" demanded the Editor as he put down the morning paper with its account of the coal strike.

"On what grievances?" asked Dr. Angelicus sympathetically.

"I should like to call a strike of editors, work not to be resumed until contributing poets ceased sending in manuscripts indicted to Beauty—apotheosizing Beauty, sending cries of help to Beauty—dragging in poor Beauty at the slightest excuse and apropos of nothing at all."

"A justifiable desire," agreed Angelicus. "In the particular school you describe, the average sonneteer starts out with an idea which he exhausts at the end of the fourth line. He fills up the remaining ten by vague exhortations to Beauty."

"Nor are our grievances directed against poets alone," continued the Editor gloomily. "The short-story writer of the modern realistic school is due for some indignation as well. Think of the countless manuscripts we read daily which open with sentences like—'Farmer Jones viewed his blighted potato-patch with melancholy.' 'Ann Prentis sat rocking in a worm-eaten chair on the old broken-down verandah.' 'Mrs. Morris, in a grimy kitchen, pensively emptied the dirty dish-water.'"

"It is curious that the poets seem only to be able to visualize Beauty, while the short-story writers cannot lift their eyes above ugliness. Why can't they get together and achieve some sort of compromise which would more nearly approximate life as it really is?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"I, too, wish to call a strike," said Primus Criticus, who had come to the library direct from the train, and appeared somewhat worn.

"Have you grievances too?" asked Angelicus. "You are perhaps only experiencing the usual post-week-end depression—like hay fever, most noticeable in late August and early September. Tomorrow you will feel better. You are striking against week-end visits, I presume," hazarded the Doctor.

"Not all kinds," replied Primus Criticus. "Only those that involve every pastime save sleep. There are some hostesses," he continued darkly, "who consider rest the only non-essential of a visit."

"These generalizations are, of course, based on some recent bitter experience," said the Editor. "Bring them down to the specific and tell us about it."

"My late hostess"—began Criticus.

"What! Did she expire at the end of your visit?" interrupted Angelicus.

"The hostess of my latest visit, if you must be meticulous," said Criticus in annoyance, "is the proud possessor of quite marvelous gardens. Like those other hostesses we have all known—owners of art collections—stables of racing horses—kennels of prize dogs—it has been her custom to run a personally conducted tour of inspection—a solemn rite to be performed for each set of visitors, not to be taken lightly, participation in which must never be refused by them, no matter what the weather. Now I do not object to viewing these prized possessions in the daytime—but when it comes to being

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routed out of bed at two o'clock in the morning after a day of thirty-six holes of golf, I protest."

"Did your hostess feel you could not live unless you saw the effect of moonlight on her gardens?" asked the Editor.

"She really had more excuse than moonlight," admitted Criticus. "It was the carefully-timed opening of the night-blooming cereus that she wished us all to see."

"Oh, but that was worth while," exclaimed Angelicus.

"Not after thirty-six holes of golf, and a dance," declared Criticus. "I'm afraid my ill-temper got the best of me. She asked me to rouse the other guests. Whereupon, tousled, sleepy and cross, I rapped on the door of each, crying—'We have to go and look at the blooming cereus.'"

"How did they behave?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

Primus Criticus glanced nervously at Miss Anonymoncule's accustomed corner. "One called it something far worse than blooming," he said. "Another guest, who was deaf, shouted through the door—'What?' I called back—'The cereus.' 'Something serious?' he yelled. 'I'll jump if someone will hold a blanket.'

"But the worst result of this nocturnal excitement seemed to be the case of the two affianced people on the house-party. The lady's name is Glory. She, too, thinking there was a fire, rushed out done up in true Elizabeth Arden style—her really charming face disfigured with cold cream, her locks, which undulate beautifully by day, tortured into curious shapes by mechanical curling devices, her lily-white hands encased in hideous red rubber gloves. The first person she encountered in the hall was her fiancé. 'My God—is that Glory?' he cried. But our hostess, intent on her prize exhibit, was oblivious to all these crises."

"We should not blame the hostess who routs us out of bed to view a phenomenon," said the Editor. "Rather we should start a movement to have all phenomena like night-blooming cereus, eclipses, comets and the like, occur at reasonable hours."

"Nevertheless, on future week-ends, I shall strike," declared Primus Criticus, decisively, "and my cry will not be for the eight-hour day—but for the eight-hour sleep."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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